

DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY.



C.R. Ryley del.

W. Skelton sculp.

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THE
 FRIEND OF YOUTH;
 BEING A SEQUEL TO THE
 CHILDREN'S FRIEND;
 AND LIKE THAT WORK,
 CONSISTING OF
 APT STORIES, ENTERTAINING DIALOGUES,
 AND
 MORAL DRAMAS:
 ALL INTENDED
 To excite Attention, cherish Feeling, and inculcate Virtue
 IN THE
 RISING GENERATION;
 Partly translated from Mr. BERQUIN, and other French
 and German Writers, and partly Original,
 being written by the Editor himself,
 The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN.
 Embellished with
 COPPER PLATES.

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M, DCC, LXXXVIII.



FRIENDSHIP,

SCENE, *An apartment in the house of Dionysius,
Tyrant of Syracuse.*

DIONYSIUS, GELON, and ARGUS.

DIONYSIUS.

WHOM am I to put to death this morning? Let me see. (*Looking at his tablets*) But I bethink me; 'tis the day that Pythias promised to return from Corinth, and be punished.

GELON. Do you think, my Liege, then, he will certainly come back?

DIONYSIUS. If he should do so, it will not much astonish me, I must confess. Yet, Damon, his dear friend, in consequence of his own offer, otherwise must suffer for him.

ARGUS. I am come this moment from his prison: he conjures you, my good Lord, not to refuse him his last prayer, a moment's audience.

DIONYSIUS.

DIONYSIUS. To solicit grace, no doubt: but he shall know, our justice is not to be played with: and if Pythias does not in due time return—

GELON. The traitor! All he wished for, as he said, was to embrace his wife and children; and since first, you granted him permission to set out, he might have twice performed so short a voyage. I suspected, at the time, his perfidy. Who knows, but he is gone in quest of such as he can bribe to murder you, my liege. Oh, most compassionate of kings! must I be always trembling for your safety? Doubt not, but that Damon has conspired with Pythias to destroy you. With what views can he desire this audience?

DIONYSIUS. Yes; I see the danger, and will not consent to hear him. I am going to my women. Stay you here a moment, Gelon; and you Argus, see my guard be very vigilant about me. (*He withdraws through a private door.*)

GELON (*stopping Argus who was likewise going out.*) Hear me, Argus.

ARGUS. What is your good pleasure?

GELON. Let admission to the palace be denied this day to every one but Palinurus. And let none approach our royal master, on pretence of supplicating his compassion in behalf of Damon.

ARGUS. Who, alas! would have the courage to pronounce a word in favour of him?

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GELON. He is utterly unworthy of your pity.

ARGUS. But, at least, my lord, let me deplore his fate.

GELON. Beware how you proceed. I see you are a sharer in the blindness of the Syracusan populace. This Damon is but an impostor; who intended by false heroism to impose on Dionysius, and preserve his friend.

ARGUS. But you will own, at least, that for the life of Pythias, he has generously risked his own.

GELON. And do you not see clearly he could take no other way? He feared, that Pythias would be forced by torture to give up the accomplice in his treason.

ARGUS. But this Pythias is not yet convicted?

GELON. No, he is not; but his crime is hitherto a secret in my breast. The safety of the state required it should not be made public. Go, and let my orders be obeyed. I give them in the king's own name. Your life depends on the performance of your duty.
(*Argus bows respectfully, and leaves the room.*)

GELON (*alone.*) Fortune, I return thee thanks; thou art upon the point, this day, then, of removing the last Syracusan, of whose virtue I could stand in awe. He has brought ruin on himself. I only laboured to destroy the rich Corinthian Pythias, for the sake of his large wealth; and in the work, lo! I've engaged myself

myself upon the haughty Damon, likewise. He shall find, by sad experience, what *they* have to hope, who look upon the favourite of a monarch with contempt. And as for thee, dark-working, Dionysius, I can find what motive all thy bounty flows from. 'Tis in vain thou talkest thus of friendship. Thou art always pouring benefits upon me, in the hope that out of gratitude, I shall promote the work of thy barbarities, to which thou wouldst at last devote me, likewise, as a victim. But, believe me, I shall find out means to circumvent thee. Lift me still a little higher, and this arm shall thrust thee down into the pit thou hast prepared for me already. Who is this I see approaching?—Palinurus!

PALINURUS (*entering cautiously.*) Yes, my lord.

GELON (*eagerly.*) Well? well?

PALINURUS. Are we alone?

GELON. Fear nothing; but speak out this moment. Dionysius has just now withdrawn.

PALINURUS. I disembarked not half an hour ago; and have crept stealthfully into the palace, wishing to apprise your lordship personally of my whole proceedings and success in the performance of your orders.

GELON. Satisfy my great impatience. Are they executed?

PALINURUS. You have now, no more to fear from Pythias. He is dead.

GELON. Then I am happy! but inform me,

me, more at large, of every circumstance respecting this occurrence.

PALINURUS. I had put to sail with Dionysius's commands to carry Pythias, as your lordship knows, to Corinth: but with yours, to keep him from arriving, by whatever desperate means I could employ. The third night after our departure, we were overtaken by a storm, that made the execution of your order easy.

GELON. And, as how? Proceed.

PALINURUS. By favour of the lightening, I could see this Pythias on his knees, and praying, with his hands raised up to Heaven. Oh, ye immortal gods, said he (for I drew near the vessel's side, where he was kneeling, with a view already to my purpose) 'tis not my own preservation I solicit of your mercy, but my friend's. Let me have life allowed me, so that I may free him from those chains he has submitted to, in favour of his friend. If this be but atchieved, I will resign myself then to you; and my days shall be a willing sacrifice, when his are not endangered for my sake; for, shall the generous Pythias fall a victim to his virtue, owing to the storm your power has raised? You that peruse all hearts, you know there is not upon earth a nobler image of yourselves. — At this expression, I sprung forward. Thou blasphemest, answered I, the gods, by thus presuming to compare them with a mortal; and 'tis thus, they punish thy impiety: on which, I sent him headlong, with

an unexpected blow, into the deep, while no one happily stood by to mark me.

GELON. Oh, my dearest Palinurus, no one could have satisfied so fully my revenge: and after Damon's death, his goods shall be your recompence. A door is opening, and I see the king.—Conceal the death of Pythias, and say only, he would not return.

DIONYSIUS (*coming in.*) What means this daring stranger?

GELON. Condescend, my liege, to stifle your just rage. He is the pilot Palinurus, to whose care your generous heart confided Pythias, when he sailed for Corinth.

DIONYSIUS. How! and has he likewise brought him back?

PALINURUS. No, royal sir. As soon as he had disembarked at Corinth, he informed me it was useless to detain myself in expectation of his going back; so that I might return alone to Syracuse.—And these were all the orders I received, and not a word respecting Damon,

DIONYSIUS. Tell him this yourself; for he is coming hither. I may see him now, since he has no pretext to ask for mercy. (*To one of the guards*) So bid Argus bring him hither.

GELON. You observe, my liege, how justly I suspected Pythias.

DIONYSIUS. There was nothing further wanted for his punishment.

GELON. Thus, shockingly perfidious, does
he

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he leave his friend to suffer in his place ! And is not this an obvious proof, that he was criminal towards you ? Believe me, sir, and instantly deliver up to death the accomplice of his treasons. He has merited the greatest punishment, by disappointing your revenge.

DIONYSIUS. It is not my intention to defer his death.

GELON. Why then, my sovereign, lose a moment's time in listening to him ?

DIONYSIUS. That is an enjoyment I must have. His confidence in Pythias was an insult, as I thought, and now I can confound him.

GELON. He attends your majesty.

DIONYSIUS (*to Damon, entering, chained and guarded*) Well, Damon, on this day, as doubtless you remember, Pythias should return,

DAMON. Alas ! I tremble still, and wish the day were over.

DIONYSIUS. Why not supplicate the gods to lengthen its duration ?

DAMON. What ! Alas you were not born to have a notion of my fears and wishes. Would to heaven, the evening were arrived, and that the vessel of my friend might be delayed, at distance from the harbour till to-morrow morning. Would to heaven, I had but time allowed me to preserve his life, by sacrificing, in its stead, my own.

DIONYSIUS. You will, indeed, soon have that satisfaction.

DAMON. You transport me, Dionysius ! I was more in fear of Pythias's virtue, than your executioners.

DIONYSIUS. You may dispel your apprehensions. Pythias never will return. Here is the pilot, Palinurus, he went out with, who will tell you every thing.

PALINURUS. Yes, Damon, I can tell you, and that too from his own lips, it would be fruitless to expect him.

DAMON (*with emotion.*) Peace, calumniator ! Had you said, his countrymen, his wife and children, all were eager to detain him, and come hither in his place, I might have credited the imposition ; but my Pythias never made that declaration you dare utter.

DIONYSIUS. What strange blindness !

DAMON. Pythias will return, as he has promised, and to day, if he be only living. And he is so ; heaven will not cut off a man so virtuous, when I have it in my power to save his life.

DIONYSIUS. You will not, then, believe such formal testimony ?

DAMON. I believe much rather the good faith and virtue of my friend. Now Dionysius, therefore, recollect your promise ?

DIONYSIUS. And what promise.

DAMON. Not to injure Pythias, if, when I had suffered, he should happen to return.

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DIONYSIUS. Infensate! So, you will not be convinced that he abuses you? At present, while you tremble for his sake alone, the traitor is rejoicing in the thought of having thus deceived you.

DAMON. No; 'tis in the friends that Dionysius has about him, we should look to find such treasons. I am more acquainted with my friend than you; and would to heaven I could rely as much upon your word as his.

GELON. What unexampled insolence, my liege!

DIONYSIUS. He will make full atonement for it by his death.

DAMON. I am much more impatient, tyrant, to endure that punishment, than you to order it. I only ask one word. Swear to me, Pythias shall be safe at his return.

DIONYSIUS. What signifies such an unnecessary oath? The miscreant is too careful of his life, that he should need my mercy.

DAMON. Dionysius, be aware how you insult his virtue. There is wickedness enough in not respecting it.

DIONYSIUS. And does it suit you, miserable man, thus warmly to defend him; being, as you are, the martyr of his treasons?

DAMON. While I breathe, his virtues shall receive my homage.

DIONYSIUS. Such blind confidence excites my pity!

DAMON. It is not your pity, but your justice,

tice, I desire. Put me to death ; but swear, you will not injure Pythias. Let me carry to my grave, the hope of having saved my friend.

DIONYSIUS. Since you want nothing but an oath which cannot be of service to you, I vouchsafe it : and here swear that if the traitor Pythias should return, when you are dead, I will not hurt him.

DAMON (*lifting up his eyes to heaven.*) Hear this adjuration, ye immortal gods ; and should he think of breaking it, launch all your thunders at his head, and force him to observe it. (*To Dionysius*) I am satisfied. I have preserved one victim from you, and now lay another at your feet. (*He falls upon the ground before him.*) Let me embrace them, while I ask a favour at your hands. It will not cost your nature much to grant it.

DIONYSIUS. Speak.

DAMON. Conduct me to my punishment this instant, then. I cannot but be guilty in your eyes, since I have dared your indignation.

DIONYSIUS. You shall have your wish. So, drag him to the scaffold. Argus, let the guard be watchful to retain the people in their duty ; and let such as may presume to murmur, be that moment put to death.

DAMON (*going out.*) Gods ! let me thank you ; I have saved my friend.

DIONYSIUS (*after a minute's silence.*) Has Damon lost his understanding, then ; or, is he the most generous of human beings ? Had he supplicated

supplicated favour for himself, I think I was disposed to grant it.

GELON. Oh, most merciful of kings! Did ever criminal before, so brave his sovereign? and shall after all, your heart be moved to pity him? But in this circumstance, my liege, your clemency might be attended with the worst of consequences. The ferocious Syracusans would not fail to take it for a weakness, and be only more refractory.

DIONYSIUS. No doubt, indeed, but this severe example will contribute to my safety on the throne. Rebellious people! must I thus for ever be employed in shedding blood, and glut you with continual executions, to preserve myself in safety?

GELON. But since Pythias has proved guilty, Damon had his share with Pythias; and deserves a double death.

DIONYSIUS. I thank you, Gelon, for that zeal you manifest in my behalf. Continue finding out new victims, daily, and new benefits shall be the tokens of my favour. And you likewise, Palinurus, run and tell the people Pythias's perfidy; but more than all, the crime of Damon. I forbid them showing him the least degree of pity. (*Palinurus is prepared to go, but at the door stops short.*)

DIONYSIUS (*seeing Damon coming in again with Pythias chained, and Argus.*) Who can this be?

GELON.

GELON (*aside.*) Pythias! Ah, the traitor Palinurus!

ARGUS. Sovereign, as this moment I was leading Damon to the scaffold, came this stranger through the croud, quite out of breath. Stop, stop, cried he. Knock off my dearest Damon's fetters. Damon is no longer, now, your hostage. Pythias is arrived; and he alone should die. On this, they ran into each other's arms, and would have both rushed forward to the scaffold, just as if they were disputing with each other which of them should first obtain possession of a throne. This unexpected circumstance has made me look upon it as my duty to conduct them hither.

DIONYSIUS (*greatly surprised.*) Is it true? Can I believe my eyes?

DAMON. My fears are now confirmed. Ah, Dionysius! why did you not hasten but one hour my punishment?

PYTHIAS. And do you think I could have possibly survived that death, I had myself brought on you? Could I patiently have borne the thought, dear friend, of being your assassin! The idea of it, only, chills my blood within me! Blessed be the gods for having prospered, in this manner, my impatience; and, ah Damon, let me once more fold you in my arms.

DAMON. Faithful, but cruel friend! Ah, Dionysius! let my Pythias's life be granted him, or both of us expire together.

PYTHIAS.

PYTHIAS. You are swallowed up in wonder to behold me, tyrant! but my unexpected preservation will do more than raise up wonder in you: it shall force you to believe in those same gods you would annihilate within your heart. When, by your order, I was thrown into the sea, you little thought the billows would have waisted me in safety to a rock hard by.

DAMON. What, then, you have not visited your country? or embraced your wife or children?

PYTHIAS. Could I think of such a satisfaction, when the least delay would be so fatal to my friend?

DAMON. Unhappy as I am! I have done nothing for you, then.

PYTHIAS. Done nothing for me! would you not have willingly procured me, at the peril of your life, that consolation fortune has deprived me of? How much did I not suffer from that sad idea! Wandering on the rock, or taking up my station on the summit, to discover, if I could, some vessel, it was not towards Corinth I then turned my observation. I was only anxious to get back to Syracuse.

DAMON. You knew, that even at the moment of expiring, I should not have doubted in the least your heart.

PYTHIAS. And should I, upon that account alone, if for no other reason, have betrayed your generous confidence? Some god, compassionating

passionating my despair, vouchsafed to send, for my relief, a little bark. I saw it for some time conflicting with the billows round me. Tranquil on the subject of your lot, when I revisited these shores, what transport did I not experience? Dionysius, I am now, as lately, in your hands again. Deliver my dear Damon, and then arm your executioners against me, or this murderer that stands here. (*Showing Palinurus.*)

DIONYSIUS. This murderer Palinurus? Let those lips speak truth, or torments shall extort it from you.

PALINURUS. I have only been obedient to your favourite, here. Gelon, my liege, enjoined me to fling Pythias overboard, when I was out at sea.

PYTHIAS. Ah, Gelon! I forgive your forgery of crimes against me, to obtain possession of my fortune. I forgive you for attempting on my life: but what had my dear friend been guilty of, that you should comprehend him in my ruin?

DIONYSIUS. Speak, atrocious villain?

GELON (*in the utmost confusion and fear.*) Can you doubt, my liege, but that an interest in your person —

DIONYSIUS. Peace, unless you can adduce some reason. Pythias, as you knew, was innocent: and friendship does not rise to such a height as you pretend, in guilty hearts. Be free this instant, noble pair. And you, (*to*

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Gelon and *Palinurus*) ignoble wretches, die. Conduct them, *Argus*, to the punishment which was prepared for *Damon*.

PYTHIAS. Think a moment, *Dionysius*, you have seen what glory they are crowned with, who prove just.

DAMON. And in the next place, learn what satisfaction they are blessed with, who forgive.

DIONYSIUS. What generous hearted men! thus to fall prostrate at my feet, for your assassins! They *must* die, however. And their life, I cannot but acknowledge, is the only thing I would refuse your virtues. Go, then, *Gelon*, and you *Palinurus* likewise, go; and each of you find one that will devote himself to death for your sake. Upon this condition only, shall you live.

DAMON and PYTHIAS. Ah, fire——

DIONYSIUS. In vain.—If I have shed already so much guiltless blood; henceforward, I will spare no blood so criminal. The traitor! I can see the bottom of his soul! And am I then condemned to have no faithful hearts about me? 'Tis, in future, from you only, I expect that happiness, incomparable men. Let me have some faint hopes of making a third person in your friendship.

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DISIN.

DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY.

CHAPTER I.

THE ACCIDENTAL MEETING.

IT was almost night, when Grandison, an ensign in the guards, who had been visiting a friend at Chelsea, was returning home. His way was through the bird-cage walk; but as the present alterations in the park have taken place since the transaction we are now to speak of, there was then an open piece of ground upon the left, for those that chose to walk there, and a ditch or pond, called Rosamond's, where many have been known to drown themselves. It happened accidentally, that Grandison had fauntered towards this open piece of ground, when looking straight before him, he perceived a woman walking slowly by the pond, whose dress and manner did not speak her one of those unhappy wretches, who are generally in the park at night. He came up nearer to her. She seemed very poor; and yet, though meanly dressed, there was a decency about her, which is seldom to be seen among the lower ranks of people. Grandison approached still nearer

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nearer yet, and saw her hat was in the front pulled down so low, as to conceal her eyes, which, as she walked along, were fixed upon the ground. In short, she seemed quite swallowed up in thought. He still continued to gain ground upon her, wondering what could be her motive for repairing to this solitary quarter of the park, when any decent people would have kept the public walk: her sadness touched him, and her whole appearance powerfully raised his curiosity.

But yet he knew not under what pretences to address her, being naturally very modest; and as yet was undetermined, when the object of his contemplation, having reached the corner, turned round short, as if she had conceived a sudden resolution. It was now impossible that Grandison should still keep silence, being right before her. She was startled at the sight of one so near her. Where, pray, are you going, madam? said the ensign. She stopped short, looked at him, but returned no answer. Where pray, are you going, madam? repeated he.—To weep once more, said she, upon the bosom of my wretched father. He but little thinks, alas! where I am got to now, and what was my intention. I return once more to see him; after which, I shall return and put a period to my sufferings here, where many have concluded theirs before me. She was going on, but could not: her despair prevented further utterance: she was just upon the point

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of fainting where she stood, had not a shower of tears relieved her. Grandison supported her, and now saw plainly she was very young. Her unexpected answer, upon that account, much more surprised him. Does it suit you, madam, at your age, began the ensign, thus to think of dying: you, that may have years to live; and certainly, 'tis not impossible but that your life may still be long and happy, though some clouds at present overcast it: but what sad event inspires you with this gloomy resolution?

THE YOUNG WOMAN. Want, and sorrow; every thing most frightful in calamity unites to overwhelm me in the world, and in the season of my youth, when I have hardly entered it. Thus situated as I am at present, it is time my days should finish.—

GRANDISON. But, my good young woman, do not thus, let me beseech you, have an eye to your embarrassments alone; but think if you have not some means still left you of removing them. If nothing but a little money should be wanting to relieve you, I can furnish that. Confide your situation to me. I will soften it if I am able. Condescend to take this trifle: had I more about me, you should have it.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*receiving the money.*) But, on what condition do you show your generosity, in these two guineas, sir?

GRANDISON. On no condition in the world,

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world, except the genuine pleasure a good deed occasions in the thought of saving you, perhaps, from desperation.

THE YOUNG WOMAN. 'Tis too much, too much, indeed, sir; I have seen, however young I am, so many wicked men, that I confess I find it not quite easy to believe you. Yet, they say, there are among you, some beneficent, though human beings, to whose bosoms virtue is in no degree an effort. Ah, sir! are you one of those rare characters on earth? and is it possible that I have been so happy,—Here her knees bent under her again, and she could scarce support herself. The walk was not far distant. Grandison compassionately led her thither, to a seat, and sat beside her.

GRANDISON (*observing her in tears.*) I protest, I have no other motive than a wish within me of discharging what I think my duty; that of aiding the unhappy: but your conversation, your deportment, and the place in which I found you, every thing is matter of astonishment, I must confess. Forgive me, therefore, if I ask the reason of your tears. It is not curiosity alone, but a desire to do you service, that emboldens me to question you.

THE YOUNG WOMAN. From what I see, I cannot have a doubt of your humanity; and therefore, listen to me. Oh, how vast a field am I about to open, sir, to your compassion!—But I utterly forget (*she rises suddenly*) that I have

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have left my poor dear father actually starving.

GRANDISON. Starving, did you say? and where, pray, is he?

The YOUNG WOMAN. In a frightful prison: but imagine not, his crimes have brought him thither. Is it any crime, alas, to have esteemed his own good character, and set the value of his daughter's honour at too high a rate?

GRANDISON. Come, then, I will accompany you to him.

The YOUNG WOMAN. Ah, sir, such a sight would be too piteous for your nature. You would never have sufficient fortitude to bear it. I, myself, accustomed as I am to scenes of wretchedness, am shocked with horror at it.

She was come, by this time, to the treasury; and convinced of Grandison's good heart, and kind intentions, did not scruple to accept his arm. But, interrupted Grandison, though very possibly, this night, I cannot pay a visit to your father, let me come and see you both to-morrow morning. In what prison is he? and what name shall I enquire for, at the gate?

The YOUNG WOMAN. His name is Dalton, and his prison is the Marshalsea, in Southwark.

GRANDISON. I know nothing of that neighbourhood, but soon shall find it out; and be assured, you shall not fail to see me there to-morrow morning.

The

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THE YOUNG WOMAN. Ah, sir, for this long time past, we have not known the sweets of friendship! for this long time past, we have not had a friend! our misery has frightened them away entirely from us. We should owe your visit, I am sure, to your humanity, but our abode is far too horrid.—

GRANDISON. Be it what it will, I can support the horror of it, if I may but succour suffering virtue.

THE YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing, in reality, is nobler than this sentiment; but the example of my father, when you hear his story, will convince you, that an empty ostentation of benevolence, is not at all times a convincing proof that we have put the heroic precepts it enforces, into practice. Pardon me, this is not levelled at your virtue.

They had got into the street, by this time, when our ensign called a coach, supported his companion while she entered, and before hand paid the man his fare. Then taking leave of this afflicted girl, once more assured her, he would keep his word,

C H A P. II.

The PRISON SCENE.

UPON the morrow, anxious for the sequel of this interesting drama, Grandison got up betimes;

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betimes ; but from a fear of incommoding Mr. Dalton, by intruding on him at an inconvenient hour, postponed his visit till near twelve o'clock. He would have rather failed in his appointment to a nobleman, than hurt the delicacy of a suffering individual, whose distress, he did not doubt, inspired a sensibility within him, that between that time the mourner might have hoped to see him, and the moment when he really did come, was in continual fear of being disappointed. But, on this occasion, Grandison supposed it not improper to delay a little, and particularly as he meant to serve him, if he could. In fact, compassion was so natural to his heart, and he displayed it in a way so grateful, that his charity, which he was always exercising, never humbled any one it succoured. In the act of charity, he seemed much less to give than take assistance.

Grandison at last, then, saw the hour of noon come round, which he was waiting for with such impatience, and attended at the prison, where, on ringing he obtained admission. You, that very possibly have never been eye-witnesses to such a scene of tears, of misery, and horror, as the Marshalsea, in Southwark, which is, after all, no worse than other prisons in this great metropolis, if the affecting picture I am now about to give you, may impress upon your hearts the groanings of humanity, bowed down with anguish in this gloomy habitation,

habitation, I shall then be paid the price of my endeavours to affect you, and be satisfied.

Conceive then,—if, however, it be possible, that here the imagination should come up to the reality,—how much opprobrium and distress your brethren, countrymen, and fellow creatures, that is, every species of affinity, —Conceive, I say, how much opprobrium and distress your fellow creatures frequently must suffer for the crime of being utterly unable to discharge the enormous debt of FORTY SHILLINGS. May your eyes be never witness of this shocking prospect! May they never be partakers of it, with those victims, to the avarice of others who are cruelly shut up therein, unless, indeed, like Grandison, beneficence and mercy cause you to go thither.

At one end, then, of the public street, you find a filthy and unwholesome court; and at the bottom of it, a great door, crossed with a massy bar of iron, which is carefully secured, at the extremity, with an enormous padlock. All along the wall, at top, is laid a *chewaux*, as they say, *de frise*, whose points proceeding from a piece of timber in the middle, form a barrier insurmountable to those who may be rash enough to hazard every thing for the recovery of their freedom. Having gone up three high steps, you come into the body of the prison, through a door of less dimensions than the former, but not less secured by chains and triple bolted locks. Having passed this door, you come

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come into a dark and stinking lodge, intended for a certain creature of the human species, called a turnkey. The continual clank of chains, the grating noise of bolts, and every object round about, inspires the soul of those not used to such a habitation, with affright and terror: but, at last, when you have penetrated to the inward prison, what a sight! great God! can any one support it! Cells, scarce lighted by the sun from heaven, enclose within them, those to whom one may suppose it has been previously determined to deny sufficient air for respiration. That free element, I mean intended to be free by nature, and which never is withheld from any of the brutal species, is here sold for money. In proportion to the sum you pay, in that proportion is a greater or a less degree of light let into the abominable dark and stinking chamber you must live in. The enormous thickness of the walls, and their amazing height, is such, that one would think them always on the point of tumbling down, and crushing the unhappy victims they confine, beneath a heap of ruins. In the center of this quarter of the building, is a very little space, surrounded upon every side by pallisades, which is the only spot where any of the prisoners are permitted to walk up and down for air and exercise. This place, where one may see a crowd of wandering, pale, and haggard spectres, that, in general, want for every

every necessary of this life, unites in one revolting point of view, whatever can affect the most ferocious disposition, and subdue it into tears. Thus sacrificed to hatred, vengeance, cruelty, and avarice, our fellow citizens expire in loathsome prisons, at the suit of powerful creditors, who, in their barbarous opulence, will not be wrought on to allow the least delay, or suffer the least loss. Thus, likewise, are those miserable victims of misfortune, mixed with villains, singled out by justice, and devoted for their crimes to public vengeance, and an ignominious death. Oh, you that turn the power of law into an engine of abuse, and to whose hearts humanity at least, or nature, ought to speak much louder than those laws you are appointed to watch over, never will you put the least distinction between misery and guilt?

Intent upon this scene of horror, Grandison experienced so much perturbation in his heart, that for a while he utterly forgot, not only what had brought him to this place, but likewise in what place he was. His looks were not directed to one point for any length of time, but in a moment wandered first on one, and then another; and his soul sore pressed beneath a weight of sorrow, had lost all its energy. However, he bethought himself, at last, of asking which way he must go to such a person's chamber, mentioning the name, which he had written down upon a piece of paper. His approach was heard by Mr. Dalton and his daughter,

daughter, from within it; and the door, that instant, opened to admit him. He had entered now, into a very little, miserable room, where every thing was, notwithstanding, in an admirable order, owing to the labour and attention of Sophia, which, till now, I have not mentioned was the name of Mr. Dalton's daughter. It was absolutely bare, however, having nothing in it but two chairs, a little table, and a wretched bed, without a rag by way of curtain, to keep warm the poor old man, whose face still bore the traces tears had marked upon it.

At this sight, the pitying-hearted Grandison sat down in silence, on a chair that Sophy had placed for him; who, then sitting down herself upon the bed, began as follows: Father, here is that young gentleman, whose charity relieved me yesterday, and saved your life.—Yes, sir, his life, continued she, addressing Grandison. We had not eat a bit of bread, for two whole days, before, and all that I could yesterday procure my father, was a little milk, that had till then kept life and soul together in him. Grandison, on hearing these sad words, sighed very deeply; for his tongue was absolutely tied. He never had before, been witness to a scene of such distress, and could not have imagined any human creature able to endure its weight. I know not, with a voice scarce audible, began the poor old man, I know not to what motive, sir, I should ascribe
the

the honour of your visit. If humanity has brought you to this scene of desolation, sentiments so generous have a title to my praise. Your recompence is in yourself: the pay of virtue is when the possessor knows he has it: but, alas! if you are come to aggravate my sorrow, by insulting it; if your assistance is extended to me from unlawful views on my unhappy child, who has no other fortune than her virtue, let me beg you to withdraw, and leave us to the weight of our misfortunes. We can easily submit to death. The generality of mortals fear it: the unhappy brave it. 'Tis the termination of all human sorrow.

Grandison, not thinking any one could possibly suspect him of so base a purpose, soon found words, and justified himself with real warmth. Excuse me, sir, said Dalton. I have treated you, perhaps, too harshly; but, alas! sir, I have suffered greatly from the wickedness of men. You are a stranger to me, and your youth, with the attractions of my daughter, hardly yet extinguished in the tears she has been shedding these three years and more—What shall I say yet farther, sir?—her virtues, that are dear beyond expression to her wretched father; yes, her sorrows that I feel more exquisitely by a deal than if they were my own, have dug my grave; but I am less afraid of death, than that despairing situation I shall leave her here in, when my spirit shall return to him who gave it.

30 DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY.

Sophy melted into tears, that flowed profusely over the old man; and Grandison was not sufficient master of his generous nature, to check his. Last night, sir, I was sensibly affected with your daughter's state, said he, and now am only come to offer you my services. Inform me, is there any thing I can do for you. I will spare no pains; I swear, I will not.

DALTON. I believe you perfectly sincere; but whether you are so or not, you cannot do me any injury. 'Tis over with me: I have reached the very pitch of human grief, when one may brave ingratitude and all the cruelty of men. I will, however, re-collect my spirits if I can, to give you the detail of my misfortunes, and point out by what means I was brought to such a wretched habitation. May my story, sir, be matter of instruction to your youth, and shew to what extremes of conduct, passion frequently betrays us, when we shut out the calm voice of equity and reason. Though it have not this effect upon you, let it prove, at least, my gratitude for your procedure towards my dear, but wretched daughter. Yesterday, she left me without any intention; and, alas! for what a dreadful purpose! May God's providence be blest for ever, that averted it!

GRANDISON. The unfortunate are sacred to me. It is not a merit, but a duty to respect it. But, at present, you are very feeble; the recital of your sorrows cannot but exhaust you. In your present state, you need refreshment.

Shall

THE PRISON SCENE.

31

Shall I beg you will permit my dining with you? I must absolutely go and see an old acquaintance here hard by, and will employ that opportunity to order you some comfortable food or other.

DALTON. I shall be quite happy in your company: but let Sophia, who is well acquainted with the neighbourhood, go out herself and give this order.

GRANDISON. If your daughter will but show me which way I must go, I shall be glad to take her with me.

Upon that, they both went out together to an eating house, where Grandison gave orders for such things as suited a weak stomach; but put, first of all, five guineas into Sophy's hand. You may, said he, have many little wants: and, therefore, no denials, I request you, no nor yet even thanks. I will employ this opportunity, till such time as the things are done, of visiting that friend I mentioned; and do you go back again, Sophia, to your father. You are useful to him.

She obeyed, and purchased in the way, a left-off suit of clothes, in good condition, for her father, so that he might be a little decent in the sight of his new guest, who found on his return, the poor old man was up and ready to receive him. In this situation, by his countenance and manners, he appeared as if he had not always been exposed to such afflicting days. On Grandison's appearance in the room, he

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would have fain got up, though scarcely fit to stand; but this his benefactor would not suffer him to do, but sat down close beside him. They conversed some time on various subjects: Dalton talked like one who knew both men and manners, Grandison remarked it; and had also leisure to examine more attentively the lovely countenance of Sophy, and discovered that the charms, in praise of which her father had said something, still retained their beauty, notwithstanding grief, in some degree, had altered them. The meal by this time being done, and Dalton finding he was better, entered on the story of his life and actions, as he judged the ensign was solicitous to learn it.

CHAP. III.

The NARRATIVE.

YOU must know good sir, my father was a skilful surgeon and apothecary, whose abilities would have ensured his fortune, if he had but been a little known: but, on the other hand, less happy than estimable, he was not taken notice of. Whatever order and frugality he had the prudence to observe in regulating his affairs at home, the rigidest œconomy would not augment his income. Every thing he could perform by way of giving me an education,

was

was to place me at a country school some little distance from him. In his youth he had contracted some degree of intimacy with the late lord Collis, at the school he went to. After being married many years, and having children, he had long lost sight of this acquaintance; yet for my advantage, he resolved to wait upon his Lordship, and request his friendship. He had scarce made known his name, than, in the warmest terms, my lord expressed the pleasure he received from seeing his old friend, and promised he would thenceforth take me under his protection. Upon this, I was presented to him. He was satisfied with my replies to his inquiries, and proposed to have me as companion to his son, who was much younger than myself; three years, or thereabouts, as well as I can now remember. By these means, my lord remarked I should enjoy the opportunity of having several masters, and improving faster than I could do at a school. My father heard this proposition with the greatest pleasure, and next day I was received into his Lordship's house.

The person and behaviour of the little nobleman delighted me beyond expression. We commenced a friendship, and as long as we were both together, being animated with an ardent emulation, prosecuted our respective studies with incredible improvement. We were quickly after, separated: he was placed at Oxford, and from thence set off upon his travels,

34 DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY.

while his Lordship thought of putting me, by way of clerk, into his steward's office. I don't mean to make a lawyer of you, said his Lordship; but would have you qualified to manage my affairs, whenever he may die. Exert yourself, then, to make all the progress possible, in what he may think fit to teach you. I rely upon your care and probity, because I am convinced of your attachment to me. I assured his Lordship I would not deceive his expectations.

Some time after this, my father died, and all the heritage he left me went no farther than his blessing; so that now, I was become entirely a dependant on his Lordship's family. My punctuality, and the applause bestowed upon me by my master, every day augmented my protector's friendship, and esteem. In short, the steward being dead, I was instated in his place; nor had my lord occasion to repent his generosity.

That very year, sir, the young lord returned to England, from his travels: his good will and friendship towards me were not changed, and he was glad to find me one, if I may say so, of the family, by means of my employment. When I married, he was present at my wedding, and made presents to my spouse. He often came to see us, and from day to day afforded me new proofs of his good will. Alas! I thought them every one sincere; as *then*, I must confess, they were: but time works many wonderful

wonderous alterations. At the age of eighteen years or thereabouts, upon his father's death, he came into possession of his title, and was then the Earl of Collis. Our Sophia was at that time two years old.

Confirmed in my employment, I enjoyed the fairest prospects of a happy time in future; which, however, was not happy. Fifteen years, my wife and I thus spent in this delightful union. Nothing troubled our felicity. Of four enchanting little ones we had, death took off three, and left us none except Sophia. Her accomplishments filled both our bosoms with the greatest joy. His Lordship was by this time married to a lady of the greatest fortune, but with whom he was not happy. He would pass whole weeks beneath our humble roof, and was accustomed to declare, that pomp and ceremony utterly fatigued him. Nay, sir, he would frequently assure my wife and me, he felt more real happiness in our plain habitation, than he could do in his own more splendid house. He went so far as to lay open to my wife and daughter the deplorable condition he was brought to by a hasty marriage; he found pleasure in exciting, as he said, their pity; he was charmed at the idea that they did their utmost to console him; and of course, considered it a great relief to make them the partakers of his sorrow. From this moment, you may very likely find, is to begin the era of my own misfortunes.

36 DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY.

One of my particular, and as I fancied, valuable friends, had need of succour to prevent his ruin. I had no suspicions of the treachery he meant me, and became responsible, at his entreaty, for a debt he had contracted, to the value of four hundred pounds. Soon after, I repented my credulity; and found too late the wisdom of that precept I had often heard of; never to become responsible for any one, unless I could afford to lose the sum in question: he became a bankrupt, and absconded. I was called on to discharge the debt for which I had become security, and nothing would induce the creditor to wave his claim. I had not wherewithal to pay him. I had never been the man, who could enrich himself at the expence of his employer. I was, therefore, much alarmed, and knew not where to fly for succour: all my fortune, taken at the utmost, did not mount to more than half the money owing.

In the midst of that vexation and confusion into which this cruel matter plunged my wife and me, my lord came in to see us. He was frightened, as he said, at the distress too visible upon the countenance of Sophy and her mother (for myself was then from home) and was resolved to know the cause. They could not but inform him. Is that all? said he; and calling for a piece of paper, wrote them out a draft upon his banker, for the sum I wanted to make up this money. Late at night, when I came home, I was astonished at the joy with
which

which my wife and child received me, and inquired the reason; when, by way of answer, they produced the draft. This generosity, said I, does not surprise me. Let us, therefore, do our utmost for the time to come, by our œconomy, to save up so much money as will quit us to our benefactor; but where is he? Let me go and thank his liberality; but no; I do not think how late it is. To-morrow, I shall have that pleasure. On the morrow, therefore, when he came, I introduced the affair, and thanked him for his kindness, in the way so great a benefit exacted. I sat down to write my note; but, no, said he, I want no more than a receipt. However, I insisted upon giving him my note of hand upon demand, which he at last accepted, saying: Very well; if you should die, you may imagine I should hardly think of putting it in force against your family; and while you live, you know yourself how easy you may be upon that head.

His Lordship's visits now became more frequent. Many presents made Sophia, and those presents of no inconsiderable price, alarmed her mother's prudence. She began to see, his lordship's assiduities proceeded less from friendship for the father than from passion for the daughter. She acquainted me of her suspicions; and the three or four next times his lordship came to see us, I was careful to watch all his motions. The discovery was soon made: his eyes, alas! said every thing. He darted
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38 DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY.

at the innocent Sophia glance succeeding glance. There was not scarce a motion of her eye, a word, or gesture that escaped him. He deplored, with so much art, the rigour of his lot, that tied him to a woman he could never love, and painted his misfortunes with such strength of colours, as to melt my wife and daughter into tears. He hoped by swaying them to pity, love might enter with it, too.

As long as he pursued no other method, we had certainly no reason to object; but, in the interval, the charms of this dear child increased. She was the opening rose itself. The passion of his lordship had now mounted to its height, and showed itself in every word he spoke. We then forbade Sophia's taking any presents from him, for the time to come. And, on the morrow she was under the necessity of acting in conformity to our directions. She refused a valuable toy he brought, and would have given her. It was a heart encircled with two diamond chains, extremely handsome. What, said he, Miss Dalton, would you then refuse accepting such a trifle. Trifle! answered she, my lord. 'Tis no such thing; but on the other hand, so valuable, that I could not think of being seen by any one, and have it on. These ornaments were never meant for me. I will, however, if you please, ask leave to take it. You were born, said he, to honour the most elevated rank, and would to God, you were at present Lady Collis. In that case, I should not now drag

drag on a wretched state of being: you would make it happy. Pray then, do not, dear Sophia, thus refuse a gift I meant to give you, and had made myself the promise of such pleasure in observing round your neck.

My wife, called in by Sophy, took the word, and represented to his lordship, that already he had lavished far too much upon her daughter; and that presents of this nature, if too frequently repeated, would infallibly affect her reputation.

If, continued Sophy's mother, she should ever rise above her present fortune in the world, what scandals would not your benevolence occasion? It would throw some doubts upon her virtue, and with reason. That, my lord, is her inheritance; and you are sensible she has no other. I beseech you, do not, by a love that cannot but have every terrible effect, expose me to so sad a situation as I must be in, if I am brought to blush on hearing the insulting sneers thrown out against a daughter whose prosperity is precious to me.

Your refusal, answered hastily lord Collis, rends my heart. I place even all my happiness in seeing her embellished with my gifts: the brightness of her eye exceeds these diamonds, and — For heaven's sake, interrupted Sophy's mother, recollect her age; these praises are indecent. These? rejoined my lord: the praises she deserves are in my heart. I cannot possibly suppress them. I adore her.

Love

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Love devours me. I am all on fire ! This secret has been locked within my bosom for these two years past ; by what anxieties, alas ! in all this period, have I not been preyed upon ! I love, but have no hope ; and am united to a woman I detest,

On this, he sunk into a chair, and gave a cry, to which a sort of swoon succeeded. Sophy, prudently employed this opportunity to quit the room. My spouse remained. He came, soon after to himself, and looking round about him, with an eye that spoke great inward perturbation, asked where Sophy was ? Gone up, my lord, to her apartment, said my wife. Alas ! then, answered he, I am not to behold her any more ; and she will never love me, as of late I thought she did. Despair, I feel within me something say so, will deprive me of my reason. Oh, dear madam ! (falling at my spouse's feet, and griping fast her hand,) continued he, have pity on me. Pity ! said my wife. In God's name, quit that posture, and resume your reason. What, alas ! can I do ? What do you require ?—

His lordship did not stay to answer either of these questions ; but got up, and in the greatest agitation left the room, exclaiming, he should lose his reason. And this effort was the last he made to stifle his unhappy passion ; as the sequel will too plainly show you. I was absent during this whole scene. I learned the circumstances of it, just as I have told you, when

when soon after I came home; and could not but foresee the mischiefs it would certainly occasion.

He continued, as before, his visits to our house. Reflecting on the right he had, so justly, to my gratitude, and being likewise sensible I might at any time, without precipitating matters, undertake to bring him to his reason. I pretended ignorance of what had happened, when he first called on me after the unhappy scene just now described. Sophia regulated her behaviour as before; and as, by this time, he had often called upon us since the declaration of his wretched passion, and forbore a repetition of it, we began to hope that time, and serious thought upon the matter, had at last removed it, but were fatally deceived. The liberty of seeing Sophy, far from quenching his desires, served only to inflame them. One day, he desired to have a little conversation with me, at a house of public entertainment. I went with him, and we dined together: he said nothing of the matter till our meal was finished; but as wine gives people courage, after he had drunk a bottle, he durst speak upon the subject of his odious passion. I adore Sophia, were his words: my life depends on you, dear Dalton: let a secret marriage join us; and insist upon whatever surety you think proper. Should I die before my lady Collis, I will leave her every thing I can dispose of: but, should I survive

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her, she shall then be publicly acknowledged as my wife.

At this discourse, my blood ran cold within me. Oh, my lord, said I, will you permit a wretched sort of passion thus to triumph over you, and in a moment's time lose sight, without reluctance, of your character, and understanding? Would you violate those duties of a man that are most sacred? What detestable proposal dare you offer? and to whom? To one, who, from experience of him, you must certainly acknowledge is a father, that considers he has nothing in the world so precious to him as his daughter.—But, consider, interrupted he while I was speaking, that her fortune will exceed your highest expectations.—Upon what condition, answered I? Her innocence, her reputation blasted, and become the object of an infamous connection. The opprobrium of all this will fall on me. I shall be looked upon as having prostituted her unspotted honour, and my own, beyond the example of most fathers. There goes the unnatural wretch, will people say, if after such a vile transaction I dare show myself in public: and the sight of honest people will annihilate me. This your lordship will have caused. 'Tis you that will have doomed to ignominy, an unhappy father.

It would be impossible to give you the detail of all our conversation. Tears, intreaties, imprecations, promises, and threatnings, all in

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turn were used. Convinced, at last, he could not possibly allure me, he reduced his wish to that of having leave to see Sophia as he had done hitherto.—No; that is utterly impossible, my lord, said I: believe me, when I say so, after the unworthy declaration you have made of being her adorer. I confess myself indebted to your lordship for whatever I call mine. Take back your benefits. You may destroy your work, and I will not complain of your proceeding: but my honour is my own, and never shall be brought into suspicion. I acknowledge you my guardian and protector: in that quality my house is open to you; but be not offended if I send away my daughter to some place, no matter how far off. The sight of such a one must, in the end, be prejudicial to you, since it makes you in this manner utterly forget yourself and other people.—Your destruction, then, said he, with fury on his face, and rage within his bosom,—your destruction, Dalton, shall avenge me for all this.—My life, continued I, is nothing if her virtue is dependant on it. Yes; I am resolved to send away my daughter: she will find protectors conscious what men owe to innocence and virtue.

Saying this, I left him. As our habitation was not far from London, I desired my wife, whom I acquainted with our conversation, not to lose a moment, but take Sophy to the house

44 DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY.

of an acquaintance, till the storm was over. I was quite impatient to find out the effect her absence would produce upon my lord. As usual, he was with us on the morrow, and accosting me with great dejection said : So, Dalton, you have had the cruelty to take the pleasure from me even of beholding any more the object of my love ? My lord, replied I to this observation, need I say I am a father ? and if so, I have done nothing but my duty.—Yes, 'tis plain, barbarian, with a broken tone of voice, cried out his lordship, you would thrust a dagger through my heart : but I shall be revenged.

Persuaded that all arguing would be useless, I had only now to brave the storm : however, when I saw him going, I went out a little while, and coming back, informed his lordship, Sophy had desired me to return him all those gifts with which he meant to tempt her virtue ; and for which, her innocence was to have paid. 'Tis false, replied my lord ; hell never yet invented such a calumny. 'Tis you that have compelled her to this needless insult. Would I could but crush them instantly to atoms ! and you too.—But, no, the beauty I adored has worn them ; they are therefore infinitely valuable ; and, on second thoughts, I will preserve them as a treasure. For the space of half a minute, he kept looking at them, but then took his eyes off, and continued :—as for you, sir, I no longer need your services,

services, but have another who will spare you any farther trouble ; and this very day he enters on his place. To this dismissal I assented, wishing he might never meet with any servant of less probity, than what he had himself applauded me for.

He retired without replying.

I began to seal up all my papers, and arrange particularly those relating to his Lordship. When this business was complete, I came to London on a visit to the friend who had received Sophia. She wept bitterly at the recital of my Lord's behaviour and his menace ; which, she said, she was the cause of. Next day early came my spouse to London, and informed me, my successor had proceeded to a seizure of my house, my furniture, my papers, and, in short, that nothing had escaped him. This last blow afflicted me the more, as it convinced me my destruction was resolved on. In reality, I was indebted to his Lordship for the money he had lent me, and the interest on it ; but the house in which I lived had been his gift, and I was far from thinking he would be so mean as to resume it. In this wretched situation, I knew scarcely which way I should turn myself, when going out one morning, and before I could have taken half a dozen steps, a man came up, and tapped me on the shoulder, adding, civilly enough, he had a writ against me, at the suit of such a person, and desired I would go with him.

46 DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY.

Being got, where he designed to take me, to a spunging house, I wrote my wife a letter, telling her of this last circumstance. I will not, in my present feeble situation, undertake to tell you what I felt at being stripped thus cruelly of every thing, and hauled to prison. 'Tis enough, I mention, that for three years past, my Lord has kept me here in this abominable habitation; two of which, my wife, whose sorrow killed her, has not lived to see. Alas! that valuable woman now is happy; nothing can disturb or sadden her felicity, while we are doomed to tears.

Some little time had passed, when judging I might be a little humbled by confinement, and reduced for freedom to accept of any terms, Lord Collis sent a wretched agent of his pleasures to converse with me upon the business. You may easily conjecture, I could guess the reason of his coming, and received him after such a manner that I fancy he will hardly show himself again before me. I had unsuccessfully solicited my friends. Adversity is commonly the touchstone, friendships, such as now-a-days they are, will not proceed so far as to endure. Alas! sir, if it had not been for your philanthropy and goodness, I should now have been no longer. Blessed accident, that threw my daughter in your way, when on the other hand she meditated such a horrid action!—Ah! dear father, said Sophia, think not of it. I would willingly conceal the thoughts

thoughts of that intended action from myself; although to that despair which prompted it, I owe the happiness of meeting with a real friend; but could I see you die with hunger? Calm yourself, my good young woman, interrupted Grandison, and hope in future you may still see better days: but where in town, pray, does Lord Collis live?—In ** street, said Dalton. Did you never make his Lordship a proposal, since the time of your imprisonment? inquired the ensign. Never, answered the old man: the only one he would accept, I was incapable of making—Possibly, said Grandison, his heart is changed by this time, and his flame put out. I will make free and wait upon him. He may let you have your liberty at last, since he is well convinced, restraint will not reduce you to his purpose. Since you generously undertake this trouble, sir, said Dalton, let me caution you upon the subject of concession on my part; for I shall never grant what I am sensible it is my duty, as a father, to withhold. On which the ensign told him, he was well aware of that, and would do nothing he need fear would hurt his feelings.

This affair thus settled, Sophy got tea ready, while the ensign turned his conversation upon prisons. This said Dalton is inhabited by honest people, worthy of compassion, and by ruffians, whom their crimes against society have brought among us. Let a man's integrity be what it will, on coming here it will be very difficult

48 DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY.

difficult for such a one to guard himself against contagion: the necessity of mixing with such reprobates as commonly are found in jails, involves the danger of example. It is here those crimes, that are committed through the town in different places, are united. Individuals mortified by misery, humbled by imprisonment, and separated from society, whose favour and esteem no longer can be beneficial to them, soon shake off the yoke of decency: the preservation of their character no longer seems to merit any sacrifice; since, after all, that sacrifice would tend to no advantage. Inwardly persuaded they have nothing worse to fear than what they have already undergone, they give themselves up to the crime of robbery, more dangerous here than elsewhere it would be, because it may be perpetrated with impunity. Nay, some there are in prisons, so deliberately wicked, as to rob the partners of their misery. In one word, a jail is in reality the school of villainy; for in the horrors of necessity, we think we are permitted many actions, which in other situations, to reflect on only, possibly might make us shudder.

What excuse then can there be, remarked the ensign, for the author of so many cruelties? but for the present, I will not continue to fatigue you. I shall call to-morrow, and I hope too, with such welcome tidings as will cause you to forget the hardships you have suffered in this melancholy habitation.—Ah, dear sir! said
Dalton,

Dalton, you indulge too many hopes. I limit mine to that of hearing you have undergone no insult from my prosecutor.—That I run the risk of, answered Grandison, and left the prison.

CHAP. IV.

The MEDIATION.

TILL the moment when our generous engagement, with propriety, might pay his visit to Lord Collis, he reflected on the way in which he should digest his conversation. Had I best, said he, endeavour to excite his pity by affecting and pathetic images? or shall I barely reason with him, to evince the cruelty of his proceedings? But he could not make election of one method or the other, and resolved on that which circumstances at the time should lead him to make choice of. He was now in ** street, and at his Lordship's door: he knocked, and was announced. My Lord was happily alone, received him very affably, and judging favourably by appearances, invited him to take a little breakfast. Grandison excused himself, and being asked the reason of his visit, said: I venture to intrude upon your Lordship in behalf of an afflicted poor old man, oppressed beneath the weight of years and sorrow, who solicits your compassion. This is rather singular, returned his Lordship. I have not the honour, sir,

50 DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY.

fir, of knowing you, or very possibly, the person in whose favour you apply to my compassion, as you say : who is it will assure me, he deserves this interest you take in his misfortunes.

GRANDISON. I myself: he must not be confounded with those common beggars, who obstruct our passage in the public streets; and for the most part, feign their grievances: for his are real.

LORD C. But, for heaven's sake, let me hear his name: am I acquainted with him?

GRANDISON. Doubtless you are so, my Lord, as you will say, when I pronounce the name of Dalton.

Lord C. (*flinging back his body.*) Dalton? and what, pray, have you to say for him, sir.

GRANDISON. That the heart of any one would bleed at the recital of his sufferings; that they shock humanity; and that to dwell upon them, would in some sort be barbarity. He drags a weary life, shut up within a loathsome prison, loathsome even to despair. Exhausted by a want of every thing, and labouring under sickness, he seems nothing now, but the remains of what was once a human being; while his daughter, his beloved daughter, shares the pain of her expiring father. She is now no longer what she was, an object of desire; but the emaciate victim of despair and hunger, being ready to depart, and follow her poor mother, who is dead already. In the mean time,
let

let me ask your Lordship, if that heart of yours is inaccessible to pity ? 'Tis in both their names I supplicate your charity ; and if there still remains within your heart the least resentment, which you wish to wreck on the unhappy father, come and contemplate your victims, and you will not, I am sure, be able to hold out a moment at the sight of such accumulated misery. —In one word, be just, my Lord, and let a charitable action put away the recollection of those sorrows you have caused. This is the only way by which you may, as far as possible, forget to what excess you have been guilty, and avert the edge of that remorse, which will in future otherwise not fail to wound you.

LORD C. (*agitated.*) But you, pray, who are you, that presume to give me such a lesson ?

GRANDISON. Who ? a man, my Lord. This title, in my notion, is enough to authorise my freedom. 'Twas humanity first prompted me to undertake it as a duty. This humanity is only lulled within your Lordship's bosom ; it can never be entirely quenched. There cannot be a savage but would weep on seeing Dalton's situation.

LORD C. (*grinning as he speaks, and taking snuff.*) I have a hard heart ; a very hard one, I assure you : but pray tell me ; do you know, this canting, hypocritical old fellow owes me upwards of two hundred pounds, with four years interest money, and the cost of sending him

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him to jail? And do you think, sir, I shall sacrifice so great a sum, of which, except a very trifle, all was ready money?

GRANDISON. Doubtless you will do so: I should really consider any one the basest of mankind, if he demurred a moment upon such consideration. Can a sacrifice, so paltry in itself, be weighed against the life of an unhappy man? And if he perishes, what will become of his afflicted daughter. She will follow him.

LORD C. No, no: she will in that case, happily for her, be forced to throw herself on me, sir.

GRANDISON. Never, never. Think not that, my Lord; will ever be the case. Had she been so disposed, she might have saved herself three years' distress; and what her father owes, been paid.

LORD C. Undoubtedly, she might have done so once; and I begin to think, your business with me is to make proposals for her; but assure her 'tis too late at present.

GRANDISON (*with indignation.*) What, my Lord, what infamous employment do you now impute to one you have no knowledge of? Does my appearance tell you, I am fit to bargain for the sale of an unhappy woman's innocence?

LORD C. Of that I am not certain: it seems probable however. Therefore, if on second thoughts, the lady should resign herself without reluctance, if her heart should dictate
the

the arrangement, in that case I know not to what point I should be tempted; for to say the truth, I must acknowledge the Grifette was lately pretty, very pretty.

GRANDISON. This insulting rallery, my Lord, I must inform you, is a mode of talking I have not been used to. Happily for you, your house is your asylum: *that* I may respect; for let me say, your rank, that you dishonour, would not shield you from chastisement.

LORD C. Ah! I see the matter plainly now. You are her Hector. Truly, I could never have imagined she had made so great a progress in the trade already.

GRANDISON (*hastily getting up.*) There may come a time, perhaps, when you will know me: but till then, let me at least inform you, that I prize my honour more than you do; and have not those crimes and mean-nesses to blush for, that to you seem sport and entertainment. I shall not forget the circumstances of this scene; and may, in future, seize the place and time of answering you in such a manner, as to make you see the difference there is between the brave man that repels an insult, and the wretch who gives it.

It was here he took his leave. My Lord with pleasure saw him quit the room: his visitor had been quite troublesome: his conscience was against him: his nobility was wounded by the truths that had been told him.

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Grandison, in fact, had not expected such a treatment, and was therefore quite confounded: what, however, added more to his embarrassment, was that necessity he now lay under of afflicting the already too-afflicted heart of Dalton. He was come by this time to the prison gate, uncertain what to do: aware, however, he must soon or late inform him what had happened, while uncertainty would aggravate his torment, he went in. The father and Sophia waited for him with an inexpressible impatience, that partook of hope and fear. The ensign's countenance betrayed him, notwithstanding all he did to hide his perturbation. After some few compliments, the anxious father asked if he had seen my Lord. I read it in your eyes, said Dalton, you have not succeeded. Too well guessed, replied the ensign: he is quite inexorable. Ah, returned the other, I foresaw as much: his heart is inaccessible to pity. I have therefore nothing left to do, but bear my wretchedness with patience. I have long been learning how to suffer; but the lesson is a very hard one. Satisfy an old man's curiosity, good sir, by telling me what passed between you. Grandison complied, omitting what he did not think it proper to repeat. After he had finished, Dalton still kept silence, and Sophia melted into tears. Oh, heaven, cried she; could he require my virtue as the purchase of my father's liberty?—My death shall rather be its purchase, said the father. It is not,

not, thank heaven, far off. I leave to Providence the care of still protecting, as he has done hitherto, your virtue, Sophy, and rewarding, my good fir, your bounty.

Grandison omitted nothing to excite a little hope within their bosom; and assured them, they might still see better days than what were then their portion.

Hope, as every day's experience tells us, is a liar that both flatters and deludes the unhappy. It resembles a coquet that shows herself perfidious, but is not, on that account, less trusted. Thus, both Dalton and his daughter, notwithstanding likelihood and reason were against them, could not possibly refrain from feeding their ideas with the expectation of those better days, their comforter thus promised. How are we not pleased with the society of any one that flatters our desires and projects! Grandison determined to concur himself to such a resolution in the state of their affairs as he announced, and therefore more than once repeated his assurances; that he might so prepare the heart of Dalton for a change, which, if too suddenly induced, might have been fatal to him. Though the thing appeared impossible, it did not less alleviate their distresses for a moment. They requested Grandison to share the frugal meal Sophia had prepared, and Grandison consented. After dinner, just as he was taking leave, Well, fir, said Dalton, shall we have the happiness of seeing you to-mor-

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row? I confess this place is quite disgusting: but your goodness, I believe, would render it familiar to your senses. I am somehow or another half persuaded, answered Grandison, you will not long be in it.

C H A P. V.

RELIEF ADMINISTERED WITH PRUDENCE.

HAVING now withdrawn, our ensign entered the first coffee house he came to, called to have the papers brought him, and looked over them to find what people advertised to lend out money. Fortunately, as it proved for him, though the expression may at first appear a little strange, among them there was one whose residence was in the very street in which the coffee house was situated. He had often heard the roguery of advertising money-lenders talked of, so that he considered he was lucky in the opportunity of asking those who kept the coffee house, what character this money lender bore. The master shook his head, and as a secret told him, he was noted for the greatest villain that had ever lived. Would you believe it, sir, said he, a gentleman, who was necessitated for three thousand pounds, made application to the very man, who, judging he must have the money upon any terms, and being previously resolved to take advantage of his want, informed the
borrower

borrower he had not that money, but would let him have the amount in household goods, which he might sell by auction. This proposal, though a losing one, was not to be rejected; but behold ye, when the goods were sold, how much can you imagine they brought in? No more than thirteen hundred pounds; and even out of that, the auctioneer and lawyer's fees were to be paid. Now judge yourself.—This information made the ensign see at once it was not prudent to repair to rascals, who subsist upon the spoils of the unhappy. How was Dalton then to be assisted? He was thinking how, when all at once a method struck him; for what hinders me, said he, that I should borrow of the agent what I want, on my commission? I can do that very easily; but how must it be paid? My mother privately allows me four-score pounds a year, which I can do without; then too, I pay six shillings every day for dinner at the coffee house; but eighteen pence will do in other creditable places. This is four and six pence every day, and in a year it will amount to eighty pounds and upwards, which two sums, in two years' time, will pay three hundred pounds, supposing Mr. Dalton wants as much. 'Tis in reality a deal of money; but to do good actions, one should make some sacrifices.

The affair was therefore settled; and the ensign, furnished with three hundred pounds, paid instantly a visit to Lord Collis's attorney.

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Let me see, said he, the account of Mr. Dalton with his Lordship. I am come to pay it. Your receipt: he shall be free this very evening. Do you know, replied this worthy substitute of Themis, that the principal is just two hundred pounds, with five years interest on the same, which comes to fifty more; to which add twenty pounds for costs of suit, and you will find the total sum two hundred and seventy pounds. I'll pay the sum, said Grandison; so give me your receipt. With all my heart, replied the lawyer; but pray tell me, sir, are you related to the debtor? No, returned the ensign; and besides, what matters that to you? The lawyer was a little nonplused at this question; but made answer: Certainly it does. My Lord would be rejoiced to know the payer. He imagines Mr. Dalton has no friends, asserts, he was brought up from charitable motives by the late Lord Collis in his house, and therefore, having no connections, never can get out of prison.—Yes, said Grandison, you have indeed in that described the goodness of his Lordship's heart; but he shall not be satisfied in his desire to know me. Mr. Dalton does not know himself what now is doing. Admirable! cried the lawyer. Possibly, his daughter——Stop there, interrupted Grandison, and don't forget yourself in any thing you say of that young woman. Come; make haste. Write me your bill. Sum lent, expence and interest, not a doit but shall be

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be paid. If you refuse, — No, no, sir, said the lawyer, I have no intention of that nature.

C H A P. VI.

THE PRISONER SET AT LIBERTY.

GRANDISON no sooner had this necessary paper, than he hastened to the prison. He had previously prepared Sophia and her father for this visit by a letter in the morning, and invited them to take a dinner with him at a house just out of town. It was a mystery to them; but being certain Grandison would not deceive them, they prepared their minds for something very great; although they knew not what it was. The ensign gave his paper to the jailer, paid his fees, and ran to Dalton's room, where he was waited for with great impatience. Well, have you received my letter? he began. Yes, sir, said Dalton; but in what is this to end? In this, replied his generous deliverer, that from henceforth you are free. I had too great an interest in the business to delay the execution of it for a moment. Come; a coach is waiting for us at the door, and we will go and take a cheerful dinner. Heavens! said Dalton, can it be? And yet, I must not scruple to believe you; for you would not give me a false joy. I follow you. Sophia, keeping silence, and scarce knowing where she was, went after them; but when
her

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her father was once past the threshold of that house, from which she had supposed death only would have freed him, tears inundated her cheeks, and she was quite transported. Grandison assisted them into the carriage, which was ordered to a house at Newington, where every thing was ready. For a little time they all kept silence; but at last, the happy Dalton broke out to the following purpose. Ought I to believe my senses? Every thing about me is a miracle: but Mr. Grandison will give the explanation. Not till after dinner, answered Grandison. Well, be it so, replied the other: but how long will not the time appear till then, to my impatience.

After dinner, Grandison began the explanation he had promised; giving him the lawyer's bill, by which he was at once convinced of being free.

It would be quite impossible to represent their joy: the old man fell into his benefactor's arms, while Sophy testified her gratitude by tears and silence. Had but modesty permitted, with what transport would she not have lavished kisses and embraces on the generous Grandison. And as for Grandison himself, if ever he seemed lovely, doubtless it was then, when, like some heavenly spirit, he gave peace to the afflicted, comfort to the sick, and liberty to the confined.

In the evening he conveyed them to a little lodging he had hired; and after promising another

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another visit on the morrow, left them in the astonishment proceeding from their change of situation no less happy than unlooked for. Grandison returned the next day very early. Modesty and pleasure coloured on the cheeks of Sophy when she saw him. He did justice to her charms, but the tranquillity before established in his heart was not affected by them. Dalton looked upon him as a son. His health was fully re-established: they consulted on the means of Dalton and his daughter's future maintenance; but many projects that were started seemed impracticable. But, in fact, they had sufficient time for thinking of it.

Grandison had almost finished now his glorious business: he gave Dalton thirty pounds, enjoined them secrecy, and went away quite happy in himself, and leaving more than happiness behind him.

GREAT

G R E A T E V E N T S

F R O M

L I T T L E C A U S E S.

A Veteran, that in this story shall be named, after having run his race with glory in the field, had finally retired to pass the evening of his days at home, encircled by his family, consisting of three children.

Never sure did father love so tenderly his children! Never sure did children so respect their father!

There were great repairs and alterations to be made about a dwelling, which was fitting up for the reception of his eldest son, then going to be married. One of the apartments was designed for pictures; and the son intended they should be on subjects setting forth the heroical achievements of his father.

This was done, but with the greatest secrecy; and when the pictures were completed, and the dwelling finished, he invited many friends and others to a treat of great magnificence and splendour.

What an unexpected prospect for the veteran at his entrance, to behold himself so gloriously held

held out in upwards of a dozen pictures ! Such a mark of filial piety, the compliment of an illustrious company, and the remembrance of so many scenes of peril, all affected him.

He looked at every picture with a species of indifference, which the company were really surprised at ; and then turning to his son : You have done very well, said he, not to acquaint me with a scheme you were determined to accomplish. I should certainly have hindered, what 'tis now too late to do so. There would even be less modesty than affectation in reproaching you for what you have thus done : but what affects me in these pictures is, that they convince me of that love and tenderness you are possessed of for your father. Notwithstanding which,——

The SON. Well? notwithstanding what, sir?

The VETERAN. This biography has had the fortune of all those brought first of all into the world without the knowledge and avowal of the hero. The particular event, explaining every thing, is frequently omitted. It is thus at present, son ; for if you meant to paint in these designs the history of my whole life, you have forgot an act of heroism, which not long ago I was so fortunate as to perform ; and but for which, we should not very possibly be now so merry.—Here the dinner being ready, their discourse upon this subject ended.

On the morrow, while they sat at breakfast, was the veteran requested to inform them what
that

that act of heroism was the son had not recorded in his pictures.

I will do so, said the father; but 'tis necessary we should go again into the room, where you have made this great mistake: they did so, and the veteran referring to one picture, thus began the conversation.

You have terminated the first line of pictures with this one, in which my sovereign made me a Lieutenant General. In that, there is already a great error. You have brought into one era things that in reality are years apart: but, tell me, if this picture in its present place does not convey an intimation that the honour of Lieutenant General was given me for one or other of those actions represented here, in this compartment, or for all together.

The SON. Certainly it does.

The VETERAN. And yet it was not. You have absolutely left out that one action, which the King so well rewarded.

The SON. Is it possible, my memory should have failed me so?

The VETERAN. You could not paint an action you were no ways privy to; for I have never mentioned it to any one. I am however now to tell it. In the first place then, for this left leg of cork, this wound here in my temples that confined me fifteen months and upwards, and was cured almost miraculously, for the loss of my three youngest sons in battle, and five
years

years imprisonment upon the Continent, I had no higher rank than that of major for the space of nearly thirty years, while, in one battle, that which stood me in a limb, my general, to preserve his precious life from danger, fled, and was rewarded with a pension for his services upon that day, in which the public have a notion he so valiantly exposed his life and safety in the hottest quarter of the battle.

The SON. But you say, you had no higher rank than that of major for the space of thirty years? You could not surely wish to be promoted. Your philosophy——

The VETERAN. Yes, yes: I might affect the style on this occasion of philosophy; but truth is better far than such an affectation would be; though not quite so brilliant. You may easily believe me, when I tell you, my affection for my family, at all times, made me earnestly desire promotion; and it was not my refusal of rewards, that left me unrewarded; but the multitude of courtiers that pressed forward with me to obtain them: and if these had not more merit, they had more good fortune. So that tired of hopes, that were continually foiled, I had determined to withdraw into the country, and conceal myself in privacy; when all at once an expected opportunity was granted me, that topped my highest expectation with respect to fame and fortune; of which opportunity, no trace appears in all these pictures.

The SON. And this opportunity?

The VETERAN. Oh, nothing would be easier than to paint it in a picture. A broad river, women weeping on one side, and I on horseback in the water, holding out a little lap dog, dripping, as I come to shore. Would not all these make up a very interesting picture?

The SON. Are you serious, sir? — A lap dog!

The VETERAN. This is that great action that promoted me to such a height, and did what thirty years' continued service had not merited. The affair is this: I was one morning riding out, attended by my servant, for a little exercise, near Isleworth, close by the Thames. A coach drove by me. I looked in, and saw the mistress of the minister, a doll, whose prettiness alone (if those can possibly be pretty who have neither modesty nor understanding) had promoted her to such an envied situation. With a deal of what the French call *nonchalance* about her, she scarce noticed my salute; and having drove about a hundred yards before me, stopped to take a walk with her companions by the river side.

Not wishing to salute her once again, I got into a lane upon my left: but, hardly had I turned my horse about, before I heard a cry of great distress, that came from these same women. I imagined some misfortune might have happened, and came forward on the gallop, when the doll, behold ye, seeing me, cried out, .

Dear

Dear General! help! help! my little favourite has tumbled there into the water, and can't possibly get out!—he will be drowned! the stream will carry the dear little thing away!—help!—save him! I beseech you, General.

Without reflecting, I spurred on my horse. I got into the river. I preserved the ugly cur, and brought him back in safety to his mistress. Then ensued a scene enough to make one smile with pity at the sight. The tenderest mother could not have expressed more rapture had it been her son. And then, the fiddle-faddle speeches of congratulation from the company, and their ridiculous disputes, to settle which should first caress the little creature, added to their fears of spoiling a fine gown, and the recital of their foolish apprehensions, and their babbling all together, wishing as they did to be remarked much more than understood.—All this made up the strangest Bable work conceivable.

I thought, that having now no farther opportunity of being useful to them, I might take my leave; but then, the little Favourite's mistress, in a way so pressing, begged me to remain, that I consented; and alighting from my horse that moment held her out my arm, which she accepted; and withdrawing from her company a little, told me she had been informed some time ago what rank I was soliciting. That rank I have at present, which was really the case. If I forget, said she,

she, this service: if the minister from this day forward does not show himself your warmest friend,—then, General,—Oh, my poor, dear Favourite!—you shall see.—Yes, yes; you shall so, General,—how grateful I will be.

I bowed, but answered nothing; for to let you know the truth, your father was far prouder than to owe to such a woman any real service; and yet far more politic than to reject entirely an advantage that had offered of itself.

And would you think it? On the morrow, at the levee of the minister, he drew me on one side, with an assurance, that the King had recollected both my name and services; that he himself had represented to his Majesty the justice there would be in my promotion; and, in short, that he foresaw he should have reason to congratulate me, as he said, for something in a few days' time at farthest. He was in the right; for that same month, I was promoted to the rank of a Lieutenant General,

But if my conscience had assured me I was undeserving of so great an honour, I would not have taken it. A retrospect, however, to my whole life past, and a regard to you, and my two other children, made me take, without a blush, the recompence, which those who knew me know was mine by merit.

THE

LITTLE MEDIATRIX.

Mr. TRAFFIC (*seated at a table, having bills and other papers on it.*)

IS it possible that after ten whole years, passed happily in marriage, Mrs. Traffic should, for six months past, have taken to a way of life that makes me apprehend the worst of consequences? This is owing to that odious intimacy she has entered into with my Lady Fashion; and of course, I am compelled into the measure of exerting my authority on the occasion. Hitherto I have been all intreaty. My advice has been entirely thrown away. What then is left me still but wrath and menaces? Yes, yes, it must be so. I have no other way.—Within, there! Peter!

The FOOTBOY (*coming in.*) Sir?

Mr. TRAFFIC. Go, bid Susannah come here to me.

The FOOTBOY. Yes, sir; but perhaps she is not risen yet? My mistress did not go to bed herself till four o'clock this morning.

Mr. TRAFFIC. Well, inquire if she is stirring; and if so, then let her know I want to have a little conversation with her.

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THE FOOTBOY. Yes, sir; but suppose she is not stirring, must you have a little conversation with her then?

MR. TRAFFIC. Go, little dunce, and let her know what I have told you.

THE FOOTBOY. Yes, sir. (*Goes out.*)

MR. TRAFFIC (*walking to and fro.*) I must see if I can pump Susanna. She may have some information for me.

SUSANNA (*coming in.*) What, sir, would you please to have?

MR. TRAFFIC. Come near me:—nearer.—I have some few questions for you to consider of, Susanna: and according as you answer me, you must expect to stay or leave your service. So take heed, and think before you speak.

SUSANNA. Sir, ask me what you please; and I will answer, as I ought to answer.

MR. TRAFFIC. Well begun. That milliner in Conduit Street? You know her—Mrs. Mecklin, does your mistress owe her much?

SUSANNA. A trifle, I believe, for four or five small articles. My mistress paid her, very lately, every penny that was owing.

MR. TRAFFIC. Are you sure of that? Take care.

SUSANNA. Yes, sir, quite sure.

MR. TRAFFIC. Quite sure?—And Box, the jeweller?

SUSANNA. She owes him only for the *fiches* and counters that came home last week.

MR. TRAFFIC. The *fiches* and counters.—
Oh,

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Oh, well mentioned. Can you tell me, if your mistress ever plays on credit?

SUSANNA. Oh, sir, never, never. She would rather sit till morning, I am certain, and see others play, when she has nothing, rather than run any risque on credit.

Mr. TRAFFIC. May I perfectly rely on that?

SUSANNA. Yes, sir; as well as every thing I tell you.

Mr. TRAFFIC. I am willing to believe you, and will show it by rewarding your sincerity as it deserves. Go, tell your mistress, I desire to see her.—And, Susanna, (*calling her back,*) say, I have some money for her. She will, then, be sure to come.

SUSANNA. Yes, sir, (*She goes out.*)

Mr. TRAFFIC (*taking papers off the table, which he reads.*) “Mr. Traffic, Bought of Hooper. Silks and sattins ten times over. Total, fourscore pounds and upwards.—Work by Stewart, mantua-maker, Done for Mrs. Traffic. (*Humming over the articles.*) Total, ninety-eight, two, lix. And this in six months time? No less than near a hundred pounds for mantua-making only.”

Let me see the card book now. (*Reading.*) I owe my Lady Fashion fifty guineas. Mrs. Trickem sixty four. The Dowager a hundred; and the Count a ten-pound note.—The whole (*taking pen and ink*) two hundred and thirty-four pounds, fourteen shillings. A very pretty reckoning

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coning truly! and all this unknown to me! (*To Mrs. Traffic coming in.*) Well, madam, I sent word that I had money for you; but I find it very little, in comparison to what you want.

Mrs. TRAFFIC. To what I want! and who, sir, told you what I wanted?

Mr. TRAFFIC. As to that, no matter, madam. Is it true or not? I ask you.

Mrs. TRAFFIC. I am satisfied with what you give me monthly: so you need not be alarmed.

Mr. TRAFFIC. I need not be alarmed! but are not you alarmed yourself? A woman that owes upwards of four hundred pounds without her husband's knowledge, cannot surely be composed, if she has but a grain of common sense and honour left her.

Mrs. TRAFFIC. And who told you what I owe?

Mr. TRAFFIC (*Shewing her the bills and card book.*) See here, if you must know.

Mrs. TRAFFIC. What! these were in my pockets, when I went to bed last night!—A pretty business truly! Search a woman's pockets, and your wife's?—Oh, fie upon it! 'Tis a pity that you did not meet with something worse.—And if I were but to avenge myself in such manner——

Mr. TRAFFIC. You forget yourself.—You know not what you talk about,—And this is commonly the case with every woman that commits

commits a folly : she is tempted to commit a greater, that the first may not be known.

Mrs. TRAFFIC. You search my pockets, do you, sir ?

Mr. TRAFFIC. Yes, madam : and do you search mine, whenever you think proper. I shall not complain ; for, take my word, when I assure you nothing in them shall at any time occasion you the least vexation.

Mrs. TRAFFIC. Out upon it, sir ! you are a domineering man ; and will go near to make me hate you, if you go on thus.

Mr. TRAFFIC. And you are an unreasonable woman : and what's more, a ruined woman, if I don't prevent it.

Mrs. TRAFFIC. If you don't prevent it ! What does all this mean, sir ? Your assurance to employ the gentlest name I can devise is very great : and my behaviour——

Mr. TRAFFIC. Brings you very near the border of a precipice. Yes, I consider you as one who has already one foot in the pit.

Mrs. TRAFFIC. Why, really, I don't know what you mean by giving me such language.

Mr. TRAFFIC. Very likely, madam. You have not been used, I own, to such from me ; but I must now begin, unless I would be pointed at, as I am walking quietly along the streets.

A LITTLE GIRL (*their child, while running in.*) Papa, mama, good morning. I am come to kiss you.

Mrs. TRAFFIC (*in confusion.*) There ;—
good

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good morrow.—Get you gone, and tell your governess you want your breakfast.

The LITTLE GIRL. Oh, I am not hungry yet; but how you send me from you?—And, papa, what ails you likewise? You don't speak a word?

Mr. TRAFFIC. Then kiss me, my dear Emma, and do every thing your mother bids you.

The LITTLE GIRL. Ah, papa, mama, what ails you both? for both of you are very sad. 'Tis not your little Emma that has made you so. Well, let me make you merry then by kissing you. Papa, mama, do put your faces both together. There; and now mine likewise.

Mrs. TRAFFIC (*endeavouring faintly to get rid of Emma.*) Let me go, you little coaxer. Let me go. Well, when will you have done?

Mr. TRAFFIC. Come, Emma, what did I this moment bid you do? If you remember, to obey your mother.

The LITTLE GIRL. Yes, I will obey; but not till we have all three kissed each other, just as we are used to do.—

Mr. TRAFFIC (*to Mrs. Traffic.*) We must get rid of her. (*They all three kiss each other.*) There, then, are you pleased at last?—Go to your governess.

The LITTLE GIRL. Yes, I will go, because you bid me; but I am not pleased; for you have not both kissed each other heartily as you

THE LITTLE MEDIATRIX. 75

you were used to do, and that will vex me all day long.—Ah, dear papa! kiss, kiss mama then, as you did last week, when you went out a hunting.

Mr. TRAFFIC (*kissing Mrs. Traffic tenderly.*) There then.—So now go.

The LITTLE GIRL. Yes, yes, indeed. Good bye, papa. Good bye, mama. (*She pretends to go, but slips behind a screen in the apartment.*)

Mr. TRAFFIC (*after long silence.*) Acknowledge, madam, that without the affection of this infant for her parents, they would not have shown their love this morning for each other as they used to do.

Mrs. TRAFFIC. That I allow you; but whose fault, pray, is it?

Mr. TRAFFIC. Ah, dear wife, I should be glad you could convince me 'tis not yours: but certainly I am not to be taxed therewith.

Mrs. TRAFFIC. At this rate we shall quickly see 'tis neither of us should be so.

Mr. TRAFFIC. Yes, madam, yes; the fault proceeds from those improper intimacies you have recently contracted; and particularly with that Lady Fashion.—But our little Emma with her kisses, for this once, has made your peace within my heart. This infant is the produce of our union, which was never till within these six months past, productive of unhappiness to either of us. Let us not then in one day destroy a property so precious.—Be persuaded.—

Enter into serious meditation on the use, to which you put your time at present; and on my part, I will undertake to prove myself the tenderest of all husbands.—Here is money to deliver you from the embarrassments your indiscretions may have brought you into. Re-assume your disposition, such as nature made it, and be chearful as of late, till the commencement of this fatal period of six months you used to be: but know, you will not find it possible to do so, while your mind has subjects for reproach remaining in it, and you make a mystery of any thing to that best friend you have,—your husband.

Mrs. TRAFFIC. Ah, dear partner, your proceeding, your advice, my own reflections,—the instruction of our little Emma, every thing contributes to these tears, (*beginning to weep,*) that happily announce on my side a sincere repentance, now beginning to take place within me. Yes, what you have said is true; and it restores within my heart that peace my guilty conduct had quite banished from it. Let the past be utterly forgotten; and depend upon it, I will never give you any reason to reproach me with such justice, as I have done, lately. (*To Emma, who shows herself.*) Come, my little Emma, now, and let us all embrace each other, as you wished just now. But recollect, dear angel, if when you are grown a woman, you should have a husband, as affectionate as your papa is, never to keep secret any part of
your

THE LITTLE MEDIATRIX. 77

your behaviour, but by doing the reverse to make him your best friend.

The LITTLE GIRL. Yes, yes, mama. I will remember your advice, I promise you. I heard behind this screen here, what good reasons you could give for teaching me to do so.——

Mrs. TRAFFIC (*to her husband.*) As for me, my dear, I find with pleasure that those tears I have been just now shedding were more grateful than the mirth and laughter of that company I was beginning to give into.

ODE TO THE CREATOR.

MY lips, my heart, my soul, and my whole
frame,

For ever let them praise God's sacred name.

He gave me life; and in the time of grief,

His providence alone is my relief.

Freely, let others the bad man, for me,

When his designs succeed, with envy see.

Bright gold is on his purple garments spread,

And wealth in showers abundant round him shed.

No care within his mind a tumult makes;

He sleeps, and by the sound of music wakes.

4 H

His

ODE TO THE CREATOR.

His heart with joy distends ;
 And his fair state in life, fate so befriends
 That in his progeny, a numerous train,
 Prosperous he hopes to live again ;
 And on his death bed make their house so fast,
 That, as his own has done, their joy may last.

Bless'd, cry the world, are they,
 Who such enjoyments know !
 But those more bless'd, we say,
 Whose joys from virtue flow.

To gratify his vain desires,
 The proud man bends each thought,
 But finds *that* pleasure tires,
 Which he suppos'd with joy so fraught.

The bad man's pleasure must be check'd
 Incessantly with pain :
 Then let us only seek the bliss
 That truth and virtue gain.

Oh, blessed peace !
 Oh, glorious light,
 Eternally serene and bright !
 Happy the man that for your sake can cease
 From sublunary joys.
 Oh, blessed peace !
 Oh, glorious light,
 Eternally serene and bright !
 Happy the bosom that for you,
 Earth's scenes can with indifference view,
 And think them infants' toys.

ODE TO THE CREATOR. 79

How long, Lord, shall we see, how long, the host
Of impious men against thee make their boast?
Even in thy hallow'd house, and at the hour
Of solemn prayer, they irritate thy power.

Deriding them as fools who came to pay
Their vows, and on thy altar victims lay.

How long, Lord, shall we see, how long, the host
Of impious men against thee make their boast?

This savage, this rough virtue you possess,
What will it profit you? they cry.

Why of all pleasure do you fly
The enlivening use, sworn foes to happiness?

Your God does nothing for you: let us then
Dance, drink and sing, proceed these wicked
men.

From flower to flower, light-hearted, let us go,
And cull the sweetest that in life's fair garden
grow.

Foolish the man, who trusts another day.

Life, like an empty shadow, glides away.

Uncertain is our date:

Let us then riot in our present state.

We know not, when the day's once past,
Whether we have, or have not, breath'd our last.

Of every pleasure, into which their hearts

Daily are plung'd, what shall at last remain,
When from their quivering lip the breath de-
parts?—

No more than of a dream that fills the brain.

80 ODE TO THE CREATOR.

When they awake, dread circumstance to tell !
 Shall they behold the poor that wept on earth
 Rising triumphant to a glorious birth,
 While they shall be thrust down at once to hell.
 Oh, transient dream, whose end shall souls thus
 shake !

Oh, scene of horror, when thereto souls wake !

How gracious is the Lord ! how blest'd the folk
 That from their youth well pleas'd endure his
 yoke !

Young people to this gracious master run ;
 Nothing can equal what his love has done

To benefit the sons of men ;
 Tho' oft' insulted, he forgives agen.

Of those, who leave his way,
 And, ingrate like, are gone astray,
 He wishes the return :

And as a mother's bosom yields to woe,
 When her own offspring suffers pain ; even so
 For them his bowels yearn.

Who then can to our love lay claim,
 Compar'd with such a God as this ?
 Whose bosom feels an ardent flame
 For sinners, and would lead them safe to bliss.

Let then his works employ
 Our wonder, love, and joy ;
 And be his praise our song,
 While ages flow along,
 Thro' time's long course, and when
 Eternity is come.——AMEN.

Thro'

ODE TO THE CREATOR. 81

Thro' the wide world his grandeur we may
trace ;

His power at once fills every part of space.

Let us his name adore,
And ne'er the work give o'er ;
His might existed 'ere the earth
Or starry firmament had birth.
Let us his benefits declare
To every land, earth, sea, and air ;
In vain shall violence essay
Her cunning arts, or those dismay,
That love and praise the Lord :
His sacred name shall never die ;
But days and months, as they go by,
His glorious praise record.

Thro' the wide world, his grandeur may we
trace.

His power at once fills every part of space.

Let us her benefits declare
To every land, earth, sea, and air.

The flowers he tinges with their lovely dyes.

He gives the fruits to ripen as they grow.

He bids the sap for their nutrition rise,

And, after the day's heat, bids freshly blow
Those breezes which the night's moist reign
supplies,

And the vast fields a plenteous crop bestow.

82 ODE TO THE CREATOR.

Nature, in Spring, comes forth as from her
grave,

And light is the free bounty of his hand.

But that pure law which shall for ages stand,
Is the chief gift his bounty ever gave.

You then, that but a servile dread controuls,
Has he not wherewithal to charm your souls?

Fear, will you fancy sweet? and find
Love so disgusting to the mind?

From nature's rights are slaves withheld;
And they unfeelingly compell'd

Their tyrant to adore?

But children may to love pretend.

God, since their father, is their friend.

God blest'd for evermore.

Himself, and all his plenitude
Of gifts, with boundless love endu'd,
He lavishes on men.

Give me your hearts, he cries.—Oh, race
Blind, if those hearts reject such grace,
Will you not love him then?

Oh, God, of unexhausted love!

Oh, Power, all other powers above!

That law, how rational and free,

Which would annex our souls to thee!

Happy

ODE TO THE CREATOR. 83

Happy the child whose opening bloom
Is conversant in heavenly ways !
Who early hears God's voice, and whom
That voice while he obeys,
God hears, and grants the grace for which he
prays.

Far from the world's contaminating scenes,
He lives unknowing what their commerce
means ;
But travels on thro' life, untroubled here,
And sure of a reward thro' all eternity's long
year :

As in the windings of some secret vale,
Close by a rill that sweetly murmuring, flows,
Screen'd from the influence of each nipping gale,
Favourite of Nature ! some sweet lily grows.
So, favourite of God's guardian care,
Grows up this child, with gifts of worth
Endow'd, beyond the sons of earth,
And of eternal glory the sure heir.

THE
FIRST TRIAL

SCENE, *A bed chamber,*

With a BOY and GIRL asleep; their MOTHER
standing by the bed.

The MOTHER.

LET me first of all begin with Joey; he is the most reasonable of the two, at least if I may credit what he said last night of swallowing down his physic, just as if it were a cup of capillaire and water. We shall see now. (*going on the boy's side of the bed, and having first undrawn the curtains, saying in a whisper*) Joey! Joey! Here's your physic: take it like a man, my dear.

The BOY (*awaking.*) My physic? Give it me, mama.

The MOTHER. Well said! my love. Take care you don't spill any of it: and see here, I have a lump of sugar for you, when 'tis down, that you may pop into your mouth, and take the taste off.

The BOY. You know, mama, you promised me

me a shilling's worth of sweetmeats, if I took it prettily? So you shall see how I intend to earn them.

The MOTHER. Good: here, hold your hand out; and once more, don't spill a drop, if you can help it: or suppose I were to hold it to your mouth?

The BOY. Yes, do, mama. That will be better. (*He drinks the physic.*) There! 'tis gone! And now, pray, have I not deserved the sweetmeats? (*He takes the lump of sugar.*)

The MOTHER. That you have, my man.

The BOY. What faces children make at taking physic! They won't think it is designed to do them good: but smell, and sip a little; after which they cannot swallow it, and then they get well scolded for their cowardice, instead of having sweetmeats.

The MOTHER. Right, my dear.

The BOY. Well, now I would lay any wager, this is what my sister will be sure to do; for how she said last night, if you remember, dear mama, she never should be able to get down such nasty stuff. She cried beforehand, and was quite a child. You know, you promised *her* a shilling's worth of sweetmeats, likewise if she took her physic like a woman?

The MOTHER. So I did: but I am very much afraid she will not earn them.

The BOY. Do you know, mama, what you must do?

The MOTHER. No: what?

The

The Boy. Why, you must tell her, I made many faces, when I took my phyfic, notwithstanding what I said last night: and as she always wishes to do better than her brother, she will take it the more readily. And we shall have fine fun, when thinking she deserves her sweetmeats, and that I must go without them, she is told the truth.

The MOTHER. Good! good! I vow your notion is quite excellent. She is not yet awake. I'll go and pour her phyfic out. 'Tis in a phial on the table. While I'm talking to her, do you seem asleep.

The Boy. Yes, yes, I will, mama. (*while his mother pours the phyfic out.*) How we shall laugh! For my part, I have earned my sweetmeats; but poor sister,—Sister will have none, unless—Ah, here it comes.

The MOTHER (*going to the bed a second time, but on the other side, and whispering still.*) Here's Betfy's phyfic. Come, lye down, and act your part compleatly.

The Boy. Yes, mama. I will not breathe, if possible, till such time as you bid me wake. (*Lies down.*)

The MOTHER. Betfy! Betfy! here's your phyfic. Do you hear? wake! wake! (*The little girl wakes, rubs her eyes, but turns away.*) Well, well; why turn away? Sit up, and take your draught.

The GIRL. So early! I have not yet had
my

my sleep out; and besides, the taste will make me sick.

The MOTHER. Come, none of these excuses, miss, for me. You should have taken it before this time. So, do not show me what a child you can be; as you know, I promised you a shilling's-worth of sweetmeats if you took your physic like a woman. Come.

The GIRL. As if I wanted sweetmeats.

The MOTHER. Betsey! Betsey!

The GIRL (*a little frightened.*) Dear me! let me have it.

The MOTHER. Drink it up at once. The taste is only for a moment.

The GIRL (*looking at the physic, with her nose just over it.*) Ah, mama! how black it is! and how it smells! but there's too much a deal. I cannot take all this.

The MOTHER. All this? there's not a drop too much; and you shall drink the whole. Quick! quick! Here is a lump of sugar, after you have taken it.

The GIRL. But let me have the sugar first, mama.

The MOTHER. Oh, yes; a fine way truly that, of taking physic! You will put me in a passion, and be forced to take it after all. If so, you will have then no sweetmeats, but a handful of good rods instead.

The GIRL. But why, mama, begin with me? my brother has not taken his.

The MOTHER. Yes, but he has.

The

The GIRL. Already? and asleep again.

The MOTHER. I tell you, he has taken it.

The GIRL. And how, pray? As he said he would, last night? without one face?

The MOTHER. Oh, as for him, I was much angrier with him than I hope you mean to make me: and he has not got his shilling's-worth of sweet meats.

The GIRL. What! my brother? that was boasting so last night at supper! I am very glad 'tis so; and to confound him, you shall see, mama, what I will do. (*Drinking the physic.*) There.

The MOTHER. Here; take the sugar. We have been too many for your brother.

The GIRL. So we have, indeed: but sure, this physic is not half so bad as I supposed it. What a simpleton my brother is! and what fine laughing we shall have!—

The BOY (*pretending to awake.*) What, pray, is that you say of laughing, sister?

The GIRL. That you played the hero, yesterday; and were this morning worse than any child of four years old, at taking physic; for I've heard the whole; but ask mama, how I took mine.

The MOTHER. Why, truly, I must say, there was some difference.

The BOY. What, sister? did you make no mouths?

The GIRL. Why don't you ask mama?

The

The MOTHER. Come, Betsey. I must say that had it not been for your brother, I believe your phyfic would not have as yet been taken.

The GIRL. How, mama?

The MOTHER. Your brother took his phyfic cheerfully, and put me on the scheme of making you believe he had forgot his boasted valour of the night before; for all the while I had the phyfic in my hand to give you, he was wide awake. This is the truth: and yet, I think you ought to have the shilling's-worth of sweetmeats; but your brother's shall be doubled.

The GIRL. Ah, brother! you have played me a fine trick! but yet I thank you for it.

The MOTHER. Well, you see a child may, when she pleases, conquer her aversion to a dose of phyfic. So, sit making mouths again, when you are offered any! But all is over now, and for the present, lie down both: at nine o'clock, you shall get up.

T H E
S E C O N D T R I A L.

SCENE, *A parlour.*

The MOTHER and the CHILDREN as before.

The MOTHER.

I AM anxious to discover which of my two children will behave, this morning, with the greatest courage, when their friend in Piccadilly, Mr. Spence, arrives.

The BOY. Is he to come, mama, this morning?

The MOTHER. Yes.

The GIRL. What! he that drew out one of my papa's side teeth, last week?

The MOTHER. Yes, Betsey. Every body tells me he is clever; so that I have begged him to call here this morning in his way, and look into your mouth.

The BOY. My sifter's, I suppose, you mean, mama; for sure, you will not make him pull out any of my teeth?

The

THE SECOND TRIAL.

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The GIRL. No, truly ; or mine either ?

The MOTHER. Truly, I am much afraid he will be forced to take one out a piece. You have one loose, dear Betsey : and you Joey, two that grow before each other. One must unavoidably come out.

The BOY. But I assure you, I have not too many teeth, mama.

The MOTHER. That, Mr. Spence must see.

The GIRL. But that will give me pain.

The MOTHER. I fear, indeed, so, my dear child. And yet you must not be affrighted. It will soon be over ; and however painful it may be, 'tis necessary.

The GIRL. I see no necessity, mama, that any one should give me pain ; and as for having a loose tooth. What matters that ?

The MOTHER. To any one except yourself, it matters very little, I must own ; but when to undergo a moment's pain would be to our advantage, it would be ridiculous in us to shun it.

The BOY. Oh, for my part, I will keep my lips so close, that Mr. Spence will hardly find a way to look into my mouth.

The MOTHER. Let me advise you, fir, to take a lower tone : for your part, you will keep your lips close shut !—A very manly resolution, truly ! Would you have me, then, suppose you such a coward, that you cannot bear the least degree of pain ? I should be

very forry, were I in your place, that any stranger should conceive the same of me.

The Boy. I should be very forry, like-wife ; but—

The MOTHER. But?—hear me. Do you think, it gives me no uneasiness to see you suffer any sort of pain. When you were lately ill, did you not see I went without repose or eating, and was more uneasy than yourself. You ought then to conclude that granting I resolve to make you undergo a painful operation, 'tis occasioned by a very powerful motive, and that motive is as follows. I should be, in future, very forry, should you in your childhood have such ugly teeth, that when you were grown older, you would be obliged to have them out, and get no new ones in their stead. This would be quite afflictive to your mother : but methinks it should be much more so to you. The question is no less than, whether you will have an ill, or well-set row of teeth, when you are grown a man. But tell me, Betsey, do you understand what I have now been saying to your brother ?

The GIRL. Yes, mama : but what a deal of pain and torture it will give me !

The MOTHER. I can't tell exactly what a deal of pain and torture it will give you. What I know, is this : that it depends upon yourself alone to make it more supportable. Shall I inform you how ?

The

THE SECOND TRIAL: 93

The GIRL. Shall you, mama? Yes, yes, pray do.

The MOTHER. The way, then, is as follows: not to make a vain resistance when the dentist comes; but let him do his business quickly. Joey said, this moment, he would keep his mouth shut. Should you do so likewise, can you fancy Mr. Spence could not contrive to make you open it? You may be sure beforehand, that the more you struggle, the more pain he will be forced to give you. If complaints and tears could mitigate the pain of such an operation, they would be in some degree excusable; though, after all, they do but spring from weakness. But when you are told, they serve no purpose, and may even make things worse,—methinks, it is a real shame, and very silly, even for children to appear such cowards.

The BOY. Well, mama, then, tell us how we should behave ourselves.

The MOTHER. Do you remember our contrivance, lately to make Betsey take her physic?

The BOY. That I do.

The GIRL. And so do I too.

The MOTHER. Probably, some method like it might be started upon this occasion; but, since then, you are grown bigger, and may hear a little reason. Therefore, let me tell you, nothing in the world is easier than to show a proper conduct. I have only to desire

you would sit still a moment, and the whole sad business will be over. You were both up stairs last week, when your papa thought fit to have his tooth drawn out : and when the thing was done, I brought you in. Well, did you hear him moan ?

The GIRL. Oh, no : but then, papa has much more strength than we have.

The MOTHER. True, indeed ; but, on the other hand, his tooth was much more fixed than yours are, in his head. 'Tis very difficult to pull up an old oak, but not a young one.

The BOY. What delight can Mr. Spence take, in thus falling foul of people's jaws.

The MOTHER. He does not take delight in what you say. 'Tis his profession ; and a useful one, besides ; because, the object of it is to spare us many cruel sufferings.

The BOY. But, since Mr. Spence is paid for drawing people's teeth, the more he can lay hold of, the more money he will get. If he should think of pulling all my teeth out, one by one ?

The MOTHER. No, he would get much more by letting all the bad remain ; for, then, you would be frequently obliged to call in his assistance, when a man, to scale your teeth ; whereas, with some attention paid them now, you will not, very likely, ever want him afterwards. See, if I have not kept mine very well. (*She opens her mouth.*) And, as you know, I never have a dentist with me.

The

The GIRL. Had you any drawn, then, at my age?

The MOTHER. Undoubtedly. I had a mother whose affection always was awake for my advantage. And she spoke as I have done to you.

The GIRL. What! you remember the affair then? Did you cry out much?

The MOTHER. I was convinced, my lamentations would do nothing but afflict my mother, and induce the dentist to believe I was a coward.

The BOY. Well, mama, I hope I shall not cry.

The MOTHER. If you once take that resolution, I am sure you will be able to support it, by remembering you will one day or another be a man.

The GIRL. But I, that shall be nothing but a woman?

The MOTHER. Women have not less occasion than the other sex for constancy to suffer pain. Perhaps, the very weakness of their constitution, renders courage and endurance much more necessary for their sex. That you may have this courage and endurance in the greatest trials life is unavoidably exposed to, you must put them to the proof, in such as are much less. On my part, I have not been wanting to enjure you, by each method in my power, to bear like heroes, all the accidents that happen to the generality of children, such

as the disgust of taking physic, which scarce merits being mentioned, bruises, falls, and sprainings. And 'tis now high time I should begin to show you the necessity of bearing greater evils. You are not, however, to suppose you will have much to bear on this occasion; since your teeth are not so firmly placed, as to require much strength in drawing them. I thought it proper to forewarn you, there would be some pain; for fear, that if you found it greater than your apprehensions, you might think it was my meaning or intention to deceive you; which is not the case.

The GIRL. You know, mama, I always trust you.

The BOY. And I likewise, so I'll shew myself a little hero.

The MOTHER. I am quite delighted with the thought of finding you two such philosophers; and therefore, will not treat you any more like children, that are promised cakes and sweetmeats for a tooth, it is their interest to get rid of. I reserve you both a recompence much worthier. The most valiant of the two, on this occasion, shall receive the tenderest kiss in my possession.

The BOY. You shall see, mama, I will deserve by my behaviour, the two tenderest kisses you can give me.

The GIRL. Oh, you may be certain, brother,

ther, I, by my behaviour will deserve as many.

The Boy. Well, well, we shall see. So, let Mr. Spence, I say, come now whenever he thinks proper.

T H E

T E S T

O F

F I L I A L D U T Y.

A FAMOUS Babylonian merchant died in India : he had left his property between two sons, who were to share it equally, with thirty thousand golden pieces, as a gift to him who should be thought to love him most. The elder built him a magnificent and splendid tomb. The younger, with a part of what he had, increased his sister's portion, whom the father, in his lifetime, had disposed of. Every one was of opinion that the elder loved his father better than the younger, who was fondest of his sister. The affair was put to the decision of a judge. He had them brought before

98 THE TEST OF FILIAL DUTY.

fore him, separately. When the elder came, told him, that by news from India, it appeared his father was not dead, but had been cured, and would return to Babylon. Thank God, said he; but here's a tomb quite lost, that stood me in so great a sum of money. After this, the younger came before the judge; who told him just the same as he had done his brother. God be praised, replied the younger; I will let him have again the whole he left me. But I wish, my sister might have leave to keep the sum I gave her. You shall give up nothing, said the judge, but have the thirty thousand golden pieces, likewise; for 'tis you, and not your brother, that most love your father.

L O Y A L T Y

AND

P A T R I O T I S M.

A

D R A M A,

IN

T H R E E A C T S.

THE CHARACTERS.

LORD FAIRFAX, *General of the Parliament Army, against Charles I.*

EDMUND, *his Son.*

LORD CAPEL, *Governor of Colchester, besieged by Fairfax.*

ARTHUR, *Capel's Son.*

Colonel MORGAN, *friend to Fairfax.*

Colonel KINGSTON, *friend to Capel.*

SURREY, *Captain of the guard, attending upon Fairfax.*

The Scene, throughout, is in the Tent of Fairfax, and before the Walls of Colchester.

[for]

L O Y A L T Y

AND

P A T R I O T I S M.

A C T I.

FAIRFAX and MORGAN:

FAIRFAX (*having in his hand a paper; given him by Col. Morgan.*)

THE attack, last night, on Colchester, has cost us many men.

MORGAN. Yes, General; no less a number than eight hundred; and those likewise, to confess a truth, the flower of all the army.

FAIRFAX. After every circumstance that has attended us, it would be something, had we gained the least advantage by this heavy loss; but, notwithstanding such a number of assaults upon it, Colchester does not the less resist our arms. The stubborn conduct of the

4 K

garrison

garrison at Oxford, animates these people, and the hardy Capel, who commands them, is a barrier of defence between them and our troops, though flushed with such repeated conquests.

MORGAN. In reality, my Lord, he is a safety to the city over which the king has put him, far more formidable than the ramparts that surround it: and I fear we shall in vain continue to attack the place, while he determines to defend it.

FAIRFAX. Oh, he cannot long hold out against me.

MORGAN. What, my Lord, have you, then, any other method to reduce him than what arms afford?

FAIRFAX. Yes, Morgan; for, at last, if arms will not avail to bring this stubborn man to a surrender of the place, his son, as I persuade myself, will have some influence on him.

MORGAN. Arthur, do you mean, my Lord?

FAIRFAX. The same. The Council write me word they have secured him, as the means of bringing Capel to relax a little in his principles: 'tis therefore he, on whom I look, as one who will not be averse to open me the gates of Colchester. To this intent, I had dispatched a messenger to London, for him; and this moment, news is come of his arrival here with Edmund, my own son. They have a friendship for each other; and that friendship will I turn to the advantage of our cause.

LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM. 103

MORGAN. My Lord, here comes the captain of your guard, with Capel's answer to your message.

FAIRFAX (*to Surrey, coming in.*) Well, what tidings do you bring me, Surrey? Is the truce agreed to? Will Lord Capel grant the interview demanded?

SURREY. Yes, my Lord, he will. Hostilities are now suspended for six hours; and you may soon expect the Governor. In less than thirty minutes, as he told me, will he wait upon your Lordship in your tent.

FAIRFAX. And make, no doubt, a proud display of his late triumph? How did he receive you?

SURREY. In a cold and distant manner. He was firm, yet calm. His constancy was written on his forehead.

FAIRFAX. That proud royalist would fain appear undaunted, while the spirit of his party mourns in every quarter of the land. No, no: he shall partake, ere long, if I mistake not, of the universal panic; or at least be made to tremble for himself, for I will touch him in the part most sensible about him, in the part by nature made susceptible. Send hither Edmund. I would have some conversation with him. (*Surrey goes out.*)

MORGAN. Dare I ask your Lordship, by what method you design to change the soul of Capel; as you say? What is your project? I, for my part, cannot give a guess.

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FAIRFAX. 'Tis easy to believe you cannot. And, on that account, will I inform you what I purpose. Yesterday at noon, as I believe you know, came tidings that the Duke of Hamilton and Langdale were advancing with a numerous army to Lord Capel's succour: therefore, was our third attack on Colchester last night commanded; but with what success, I need not tell you. But a stratagem which I have thought upon, and which I mean to put into immediate execution, shall acquire me what the force of my whole army has not hitherto been strong enough to gain.

MORGAN. But, how, my Lord, will Arthur, at his tender age, be useful in this enterprize?

FAIRFAX. I will inform him of the danger menacing his father, should he still persist in holding out; and let him know what likelihood there must be, that the Parliament may, after all, dismiss with honour, if he yields, a soldier who, in case he should reduce us to a fourth attack, will be involved with other rebels in their punishment. They will be both together here, and Arthur trembling for a father, will undoubtedly prevail upon him to give over his resistance, and surrender Colchester into our hands.

MORGAN. Do you imagine so, my Lord?

FAIRFAX. I hope so. The whole world in arms has often been incapable of vanquish-
ing

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ing some heroes, that a single tear has afterwards subdued.

MORGAN. Lord Capel has the tenderness, I must acknowledge, of a father; but the firmness of a hero likewise: and there cannot be good reason to suppose he will fall short of any one, whose patriotism (for Lord Capel in this struggle is persuaded his resistance merits such a name) whose patriotism, I repeat, has rose superior to his feelings as a parent.

FAIRFAX. 'Tis worth while, however, we should try what such a stratagem may do: force only can prevail upon his stubbornness to yield; and *that* humanity forbids us, if by other means the country can prevail against a tyrant, that would bend us to his will: and as for Capel, if the feelings of a father in his bosom cannot work upon his unrelenting nature, — But I see my Son, and wish to speak with him alone. Go, Morgan, and try every means you can with Arthur, to convince him of the mercy that suggests the plan I shall proceed by. (*After Morgan is gone out.*) There is no injustice in it; neither will he be the less a son by aiding my procedure with his father. (*To Edmund, coming in.*) Edmund, you are happily arrived. Come hither and embrace me.

EDMUND. Oh, dear Father! how rejoiced I am to find, on my arrival, that the cares of war have not diminished in your heart, that love you have at all times borne me.

FAIRFAX. You will still be more rejoiced, when you are told what motive has induced me to send for you hither, and your friend, young Arthur, with you.

EDMUND. I am ready to obey your orders.

FAIRFAX. They will be, I know beforehand, the more readily complied with, if your heart be but susceptible of friendship.

EDMUND. Such a preparation only makes me more impatient to receive them.

FAIRFAX. Edmund, do you love young Arthur?

EDMUND. Do I love him!

FAIRFAX. Yes. I am convinced you do, and with the greatest friendship. Well then, you may have it in your power to save him from the deadliest sorrow he can undergo.

EDMUND. What say you, sir? Ah, father! I beseech you, tell me by what method I may give him such an instance of my love, and let me fly to execute whatever you command.

FAIRFAX. Then hear me. His deluded father, who commands this fortress for the king, and will not yield it, though at last his garrison must be entirely famished, — is proceeding to his ruin, owing to this stubbornness of purpose in him. I esteem too much the valour he has manifested, that I should not be concerned for the unhappy fortune he will surely undergo, if he persists in this unwise resistance to the parliament. Nor can the destiny of Arthur, since you love him, Edmund,

be

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be indifferent to me. Let us therefore save them both, if we are able, from destruction.

EDMUND. And what means can I employ, sir, for so blessed a purpose? If those means are in my power, you shall observe with what avidity and ardour I will seize them.

FAIRFAX. Yes, I could not but suppose as much. This morning, Edmund, has a truce between us been agreed to for six hours; and e'er it finish, will an interview take place between Lord Capel and myself. I mean, without solicitation on his part to let him have the joy of seeing Arthur, whose imprisonment at London by the council, he must certainly have heard of. But, as soon as I begin to mention into what misfortunes his rash obstinacy must inevitably plunge him, by obstructing any longer the victorious progress of our army, I could wish that Arthur might be brought to second my description of the posture of affairs, by his intreaties.

EDMUND. Ah, sir, I must fear——

FAIRFAX. What, Edmund? that the son will not be able to prevail upon him? You may be mistaken, notwithstanding; for as yet, your inexperience does not know that nature, for the wisest purposes, has given to children much more influence over their parents, than the laws have given those parents over their children.

EDMUND. I know Arthur very well. He has far other notions of his duty, than to think
of

of thus attempting to divert his father from a conduct he supposes just and proper.

FAIRFAX. But remember, if necessity imposes it upon him as a duty, then, as you express it, to divert his father from a conduct he supposes just and proper is the strongest proof he can afford of filial love and tenderness.

EDMUND. He never will be brought to think so.

FAIRFAX. His well-being would become an argument with any friend he has, to *make* him think so. Are not you his friend?

EDMUND. Yes, yes, indeed: for next my father, I love no one in the world so well. And at this very moment, when our parents are each other's enemies, I think I could part freely with my life that he might be in safety.

FAIRFAX. Far from blaming this excess of friendship in you, Edmund, I admire such generosity. It tells me that your bosom is susceptible of all those noble feelings that make up the real hero. Such a sort of friendship should we have for others, if we would ourselves be worthy of their friendship. You would die, you say, that he might be in safety: you must therefore save him: this is the less duty, and denotes no more than common friendship: but to die for Arthur would proclaim a heroism in your friendship. Let not then the common duty be omitted, while you pant, if I may say so, to acquit yourself of the heroic; and if Arthur's life and fortune are in any manner precious

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precious to you, aid me in my project. Run and fetch him. I will join to yours, the strength of my persuasions.

EDMUND. I obey. (*Aside.*) But what shall I say to him? (*Goes out.*)

FAIRFAX. Would to heaven, this friendship that subsists between them might prevent that slaughter which the persevering character of Capel, otherwise, must cost both parties, under and within the walls of this devoted fortress. Wretched Charles! what misery has not your wish of rather bowing down the necks of slaves, than reigning in the bosom of a free and patriotic people, cost them!—Capel! would he be a slave, or free man?—Capel!—He!—

SURREY (*entering, while Lord Fairfax seems absorbed in thought, and after a considerable pause,*) My Lord—

FAIRFAX (*recollecting himself.*) I was just thinking, Surrey, to send for you. While I talk with Arthur and my son, haste you to Morgan, and direct him to draw out the troops, that when I give a signal they may show themselves.

SURREY (*surprised.*) Excuse me, General, if I presume on the occasion: but such orders cannot but astonish me.

FAIRFAX. I understand; but be not you alarmed: for, by the laws of war, I may surprise the enemy, yet will not violate my word. The truce, Lord Capel has agreed to by your means, shall be religiously observed. I only meant,

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meant, that while I am exhorting him to a surrender, he may see the strength and disposition of our army, whose array may very possibly assist my efforts to persuade him.

SURREY. But my Lord,—

FAIRFAX (*with an authoritative tone of voice.*) I take it on myself. Go you, and let the Colonel have my orders. (*Surrey goes out.*) Where does Edmund loiter? If he does not come before the Governor's arrival, my design will be defeated. I must go myself and find him.

ACT II.

FAIRFAX (*alone.*)

MORGAN has expended all his rhetoric on Capel's son, in pointing out the duty he is bound in to assist my views; and he and Edmund are both coming hither on the instant: so that I must finish what the Colonel has begun, not quite so happily, he says, however, as he could have wished. No matter. Edmund, as a friend, may have more influence on him; and—But I observe them: they are coming. (*To Arthur, who comes in with Edmund, and advances, bowing, towards the General.*) My dear Arthur, I rejoice to see you. (*Taking him*

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him by the hand.) I am well acquainted with the friendship you and Edmund have for one another: and the love you evidence in his behalf makes all your interests very precious to me. With such thoughts, and wishing Edmund to be present here, that he might enter on that stage of war for which I mean him, and see something of our operations, I considered you would not have chosen to remain without him in the Capital a prisoner, (though I have to tell you, your imprisonment is nothing, and you need not be alarmed); and therefore did I wish you to accompany him hither, where, as you are now arrived, I mean to let you have another proof of my regard and value, by procuring you this very day an interview with your beloved father.

ARTHUR. Do you mean, my Lord, then to allow my entering into Colchester, that I may combat by my father's side?

FAIRFAX. This military ardour does not in the least astonish me, when I reflect by whom it is evinced; by you, that call the valiant Capel father; but as matters are at present situated, trust me, this intrepid heroism might be fatal to you.

ARTHUR. Would you call it a fatality, my Lord, were I to yield my life up, with my father, and while both of us were fighting for our king?

FAIRFAX. You make a difference very properly, dear Arthur: 'tis the king your father fights

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fights for : we are in the service of our country. We are not however here to talk of politics ; so let that subject rest. You ask, if I should think it a fatality, were you to yield your life up with your father. Is your father then more precious to you than your life ?

ARTHUR. Vouchsafe, my Lord, to put this question to your son ; and you will have an answer.

FAIRFAX. Well then, without forfeiting your life, you may preserve it : or, as I should rather say, you may effect your father's safety, notwithstanding, by his conduct, he would sacrifice his life to gratify the ambition of an individual.

ARTHUR. Ah, my lord, for heaven's sake, tell me what I can do for him.

FAIRFAX. Colchester is, after our attacks, not many days defensible. In two or three at most, it must be carried. Then instead of all those well-earned laurels that at present crown the head of Capel, he will have no destiny to look for but the hatchet of some executioner.

ARTHUR. I see the project aimed at by your generosity. You would prevail upon my father's enemies to glut their vengeance with my life, instead of his. To die at once, both for my father and my sovereign, what a glorious fate ! *(He throws himself at Fairfax's feet.)* How shall I thank you, as I ought, my Lord, for thinking Arthur worthy of it ?

EDMUND. *(Aside, after having wiped away a falling*

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falling tear.) What will he not suffer, when my father undeceives him?

FAIRFAX (*raising and embracing Arthur.*) You compel me, noble youth, to love you to the full as much as *he* does who first gave you birth. But tell me, can you think I am so cruel as to look for such a sacrifice?

EDMUND. What then, do you expect, my Lord, that I can any way comply with.

FAIRFAX. Something you may easily comply with; and which, duty binds you to comply with. What I look for, is an effort much less difficult to either of you. Shortly will you see your father. Join then your entreaties, when he comes, to my persuasions, and prevail upon him to deliver up a fortress, that his heroism cannot possibly defend much longer.

ARTHUR. I, my Lord, do this?

FAIRFAX. Intreat him to reflect a little on the terrible proscription of the parliament, on the surrender of his life with shame, upon a public scaffold, on the sorrow of his widow, the affliction of his family, the hopeless situation of his son, and the inevitable confiscation of his property. Describe, as powerfully as you can, that gulph of irremediable misfortunes, into which his unrelenting perseverance, as the tyrant's partizan and people's enemy, will plunge him.

ARTHUR. Ah, my Lord, you condescended just this moment to declare you loved me. Is this meant sincerely?

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FAIRFAX. Do you doubt it, Arthur?

ARTHUR. Let me then, my Lord, deserve it; and consider your proposal as a proof, to which you would desire to put my filial duty.

FAIRFAX. You will prove that filial duty, by exerting every effort in your power to save the author of your being from a cruel death. When he beholds you clasp his knees, and hears you earnestly employ him to avert his threatened fortune, will he then be able to resist the entreaties of your love?

ARTHUR. If I could possibly descend to the unworthy weakness you would recommend, my father is too wise that he should part with all his former reputation, at the tears of such a youth as I am.

FAIRFAX. Doubtless he is wise; and in his wisdom, he will see they flow from your solicitude to save him.

ARTHUR. Put yourself, my Lord, precisely in his place. When you had undertaken to defend a city, would you give it up at the solicitations of your son.

FAIRFAX (*embarrassed.*) Ask me not such a question; but enquire of Edmund rather what effect have his entreaties on my heart. Ungrateful Arthur! for ungrateful I *must* call you. 'Tis the friendship he conceives in your behalf that makes me now, while I am speaking, tremble at the thought of those misfortunes that may happen to his friend. This is the effect of nature, pleading in my heart; nor will
your

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your father drown her voice, when you address him.

ARTHUR. Be assured, my Lord, he will at all times listen to the voice of duty, whatsoever it may bid him do; and that will point him out the proper conduct upon this and all occasions.

FAIRFAX. Recollect, young Arthur, that his life in your hands.

ARTHUR. Not so, my Lord. I am indeed but young: the lessons, notwithstanding, he has often given me have not been thrown away so much, that I should now be ignorant of a superior power controuling all things. I am therefore bold enough to tell you, that his life, so far from being, as you say, at my disposal,—is not, unless Providence think fit, at yours.

FAIRFAX. You are indifferent then, what fortune in the end befalls your father?

ARTHUR. Were it in my power to save him, 'tis my blood you ought to ask for, as a sacrifice, and not expect I should commit a treason.

FAIRFAX. In this obstinacy, I can trace the character of Capel. Hear me therefore, Arthur; I allow you but a moment's time for your determination. I shall soon return; and, for the last time, ask if you had rather see your father die upon a scaffold, than be honoured in the circle of his family. I leave you. Edmund, stay you with him. See if by your friendship you can more prevail than I have, by my pity.

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ARTHUR. By your pity? Your behaviour towards me is too generous. I never asked your pity. (*Fairfax looking sternly at young Arthur, leaves the tent.*)

ARTHUR (*after he and Edmund have been some time looking silently at one another.*)—Well, dear Edmund, what determination will you come to? For the service of your father, will you think of influencing me to stigmatise and ruin mine?

EDMUND. We know each other surely well enough. And I can safely say, you no more judge me capable of perpetrating such a deed, than I do you, dear Arthur, of suspecting me.

ARTHUR. Oh, no indeed: however, for a moment, Edmund, neither listen to the voice of friendship, nor yet nature: but inform me, what if you were Arthur, you would do.

EDMUND. I would deserve the boast of being Capel's son, by imitating your late constancy before my father. It should never be asserted of me, that, for any object, I had wrought upon the author of my being to commit a worthless action.

ARTHUR. Had I any other sentiments, I should conceive myself, dear Edmund, a dishonour to the friendship that subsists between us. But, alas! will it continue, after what has passed, much longer?

EDMUND. Whence that question, Arthur? How have I deserved it?

ARTHUR. Pardon me, dear Edmund. 'Tis not

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not that I doubt of your sincerity : but very possibly, your father——

EDMUND. Finish, my dear Arthur, nor prevent me from supposing that my father loves your constancy as much as I do. Let me still esteem him as my father.

ARTHUR. But, supposing he should bid you put me out of your remembrance ?

EDMUND. Do you think I could obey him ? Have I not at all times looked upon you as a brother ? And can that connection be broke off, when every thing, upon the other hand, within us, strengthens and confirms it ? Let my father's rights be ever so established, he can never bid me put you out of my remembrance.

ARTHUR. He himself once loved me, and rejoiced to see us grow together, as companions both in study and diversion : and how often has he not excited us to promise we would always live in friendship with each other, as himself did with his dear and virtuous Capel. Notwithstanding this, you see with how much animosity at present he pursues him ; neither will the ruin of his fortune be sufficient : he would fain destroy his reputation, and persuade him to betray the party he has thought it just to side with.

EDMUND. Could he possibly forget himself so far, may heaven forgive me such a thought ! but I, on my side likewise, would forget he is my father.

ARTHUR (*wiping away his tears.*) Why should

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should such a grateful name, dear Edmund, cost our hearts so much affliction? Wherefore, may I not, without a pang, reflect on him that gave me life. Alas! I know it but too well: the city cannot now hold out much longer; and my father is too jealous of his reputation, as a soldier and a royalist, to give it up. If he expires not by the chance of war, but falls alive into the power of those that are his enemies, what then will be his destiny? The more he shall have shown his magnanimity, fidelity and valour, on the side of his liege king, the more will they revenge themselves upon him; and a faithful subject be, of course, given up to punishment, as if he were a wicked traitor. Yes, his foes are too implacable that he should hope for any better lot. That chief their arms have not been able to destroy in battle, will be soon exposed upon the scaffold to some executioner.

EDMUND. No, Arthur: he shall never be exposed to such a fate; for I have thought, and will provide him a deliverer.

ARTHUR. A deliverer! and who is he?

EDMUND. I myself.

ARTHUR. You, Edmund? Whither do the wishes of your friendship thus mislead you?

EDMUND. It is surer than perhaps you think for. We have now no time to waste in vain reflections. Will you therefore promise to comply with my advice?

ARTHUR.

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ARTHUR. With every thing, if honour will but let me.

EDMUND. Do you think the means I have to recommend will be condemnable, because 'tis Edmund that suggests them.

ARTHUR. You need therefore only speak ; and I will instantly employ them.

EDMUND. Come then ; and this moment follow me. You are my father's prisoner ; but our horses are still standing near the tent. Let us fly both of us to France. I will resign myself into your hands, and serve by way of hostage for your father's life, against the enterprises mine may put in practice.

ARTHUR. Fly to France ! and would you have me then divide you from your father ?

EDMUND. He, you know, dear Arthur, has not scrupled just the same respecting you.

ARTHUR. No, Edmund. I am not so young and inexperienced in the world, but I can see what baseness there would be in my behaviour, were I to commit myself an action, I should certainly condemn in any other person.

EDMUND. 'Tis to keep him from the perpetration of a crime, I recommend the measure. In the name, dear Arthur, of our friendship, do not obstinately thus hold out against me. 'Tis for his sake and my own I would prevail upon you now. Preserve my father, by complying with my prayer, from such remorse of conscience as must everlastingly infest his
peace

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peace of mind. Preserve me likewise from the grief of seeing him thus inwardly tormented.

ARTHUR. Would you render me obnoxious, in his place then, to no less remorse?

EDMUND. What say you? No; you will have nothing to reproach yourself with; for my father, when his first resentment is once over, will even bless you for thus having saved his honour.

ARTHUR. To what crime would you persuade me, Edmund? Never; never.

EDMUND (*catching hold of Arthur by the hand, and dragging him along.*) You refuse in vain, and must go with me.—

FAIRFAX (*followed by a guard of soldiers rushing in.*) Seize them both.

ARTHUR. Oh, heavens! Dear Edmund!

FAIRFAX (*to Edmund.*) Is it thus, ungrateful son, you pay obedience to my orders? I have overheard your conversation.

EDMUND. Did I promise, I would pay obedience to them?

ARTHUR (*kneeling down before Lord Fairfax.*) Ah, my Lord, if you regard and love your son, reproach him not, let me beseech you, with his disobedience: or if some one must be punished, let it be me only. 'Twas his friendship for me that induced him to propose this flight.

EDMUND. Do not believe him, sir: his generosity would fain surprise your justice, by this accusation of himself. I had not even forced him,

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him, as you saw, when entering, to forbear his first resistance. I dare tell you so. You have no right upon him. I belong to you. My liberty and life are yours. I am resigned to undergo the consequences of your wrath, and if it falls upon my head alone, you shall not hear me murmur.

FAIRFAX. Peace! I know which of you merits punishment. Guards, take them hence; and see that they be barred each other's company. Till farther intimation of my will, let them be separately guarded and confined.

ARTHUR. Ah, let us, my good Lord, at least, have the same prison.

EDMUND. (*To the guards.*) No, you shall not tear me from his arms.

FAIRFAX. Snatch them away. (*They are carried off.*)

FAIRFAX (*alone, and after a considerable pause.*) Shall I behold then all my projects overthrown by my own son? His insolent resistance does but fix the more my resolution; nor shall you, Lord Capel; here be thought the most tenacious of the purpose you have settled in your heart, as what *shall* be; for I will make you witness to a fight that shall compel your obstinacy to give way. 'Tis for your son, for Arthur, Edmund dares despise my power. Arthur shall then avenge me upon you—

SURREY (*entering.*) My Lord, I have obeyed your orders. Let me, notwithstanding that, object—

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FAIRFAX. I need not your objections : they offend me.

SURREY. I am silent ; and have only to inform you, that an officer, commissioned by Lord Capel, is without.

FAIRFAX. Conduct him in.

(Surrey goes out, and returns immediately with Colonel Kingston.)

KINGSTON. My Lord, the governor of Colchester has sent me to enquire if he may have the honour of a conference with your Lordship now.

FAIRFAX. I shall be happy to receive his Lordship, and will go and give some necessary orders, that our interview may not be interrupted. Surrey, give Lord Capel's officer safe conduct through the lines ; and afterwards return, that you may show his Lordship the first honours of my tent. When he is come, inform me of it. I shall be in Colonel Morgan's tent.

A C T III.

SURREY *(alone.)*

'TIS now about the time we must expect Lord Capel. To the town and back again, is not above three furlongs, and his officer has

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has now been gone these dozen minutes. I am here, however, to receive him, when he comes : but what design can thus take up our General ? A gloomy sort of anger, I observed, was settled in his countenance ; nor could the tears of Edmund have the least effect upon him. Can he have devoted Arthur to his vengeance ? When I think upon the probability of such a step, I tremble. Fairfax has no doubt a generous disposition ; but the universal fascination of men's minds, in this said season of irregularity and trouble, has already caused the perpetration of so many crimes ! At least, he shall not make me his abettor. I will not conceal the infamy of any thing he may attempt, if he should have recourse to my assistance. Yes, I will preserve him from whatever may eclipse his glory, in the miserable contests of these times.

KINGSTON (*entering with the Governor.*) Here is his tent, my Lord.

SURREY (*drawing near Lord Capel.*) Intrepid governor of Colchester, allow me to express by this respectful salutation (*offering to kiss his hand*) my regard and deference for your valour.

CAPEL (*drawing back his hand.*) No, not now, good foldier. It has no pretext to any honour, while my sovereign's is without it. Where, pray, is Lord Fairfax ?

SURREY. I will go, my Lord, and let him know of your arrival. (*Goes out.*)

KINGSTON. I consider it my duty, to observe

serve that every object round me seems suspicious.

CAPEL. But why so my friend? Fear nothing; we are safe.

KINGSTON. My fears will seem too plausible, my Lord, if you reflect on every circumstance. Lord Fairfax was informed of your intended coming. Why then did he not remain to welcome you? Why leave his tent assigning the pretext of orders to be given, and why all his camp in arms, as you passed through it?

CAPEL. What do you conclude from these appearances?

KINGSTON. That they may possibly conceal some treason.

CAPEL. Kingston, I have happily no apprehension with respect to Fairfax. War is not without its laws; and they are sacred to all nations upon earth; the most aspiring conqueror, the fiercest man of blood, observes them with respect to others, that those others may observe them with respect to him.

KINGSTON. But surely, my good Lord, the man who carries arms against his king may violate the promise he has made a subject.

CAPEL. He would never single me out from the rest of men, to be the victim of that violation.

KINGSTON. Yet,—

CAPEL. No; no. I am acquainted with Lord Fairfax; and the great idea I have always entertained respecting his integrity, will
not

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not allow me to suspect him of a meanness. The fanaticism, I confess, of independence may have warped his mind; but it has not debased his principles. Though party notions now divide us, we were formerly fast friends. He is still jealous of my approbation and esteem; and will not deviate from the path of honour.

KINGSTON. May your Lordship find it so: but here the general comes.

CAPEL (*advances manfully, yet cautiously, to meet Lord Fairfax, who comes in.*) I cannot let you have a more deciding mark of my implicit confidence, than by thus entering, as I do, your tent, attended by one friend alone.

FAIRFAX. Since you consider him entitled to that appellation, I can do no less than wish him to be present at our conference with each other.

CAPEL. I would not refuse your Lordship, should you wish to have an enemy, as witness to it; and am ready to hear any thing you have to say.

FAIRFAX. I have then to propose, my Lord, for your acceptance in the name of the whole parliament and people, every great advantage that accords with that high notion they have always entertained within their bosoms of your virtue.

CAPEL. If those great advantages are in reality of any value, I should take them only from my sovereign's hands, to whom the parliament, you must acknowledge, should look up as to their sovereign likewise.

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FAIRFAX. But what service can a sovereign do you, without power?

CAPEL. I should perhaps support his interests with less ardour, if my own were separated from them. When as now, I have no hopes of a reward, 'tis then I am much prouder of my sovereign's service.

FAIRFAX. Such a thought proclaims the bosom that conceives it, truly great: but you are sensible, my Lord, at least I think so, that a revolution is inevitable. Are you able to prevent it? What can you oppose to stem the progress of a conquering cause?

CAPEL. My duty, that commands me to be faithful still to an unhappy prince.

FAIRFAX. You have already done whatever could depend upon a subject; wedded to the side, as he conceived, of justice.

CAPEL. No: not every thing as yet, my Lord, since I have still a city under my command, that has been faithful to him.

FAIRFAX. But, how long can you expect to have it? Think, my Lord, of that. Its walls are scarcely better than a pile of ruins; and your foldiers are reduced, for want of proper food, to what was never meant by Providence for man's subsistence.

CAPEL. They are furnished still with ammunition, and have courage to employ it.

FAIRFAX. But inform me, will their courage any ways avail them, without strength of numbers.

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numbers. Colchester, although supported by your arm, must unavoidably be taken.

CAPEL. Did the issue of last night's attack inform you so, my Lord?

FAIRFAX. Should it not fall to-day, it must to-morrow: but to-morrow will the parliament proscribe you as a foe to the republic; while, at present, by my lips they offer you a dukedom, and some government as great as that you will surrender here. (*Capel turns away.*) Why do you turn away, my Lord?

CAPEL. For fear, Lord Fairfax, you should see me blush for England and yourself.

FAIRFAX. Be calm; let me beseech your Lordship: and deliberate on my proposals, with that seriousness they merit.

CAPEL. Has your conference no other object?

FAIRFAX. This is surely of sufficient moment, since your safety must depend thereon.

CAPEL (*turning to withdraw.*) Farewel, my Lord.

FAIRFAX. (*Aside.*) Why am I thus necessitated to restrain myself? (*Aloud.*) One moment more, my Lord. Believe me, and bid farewell to all foolish prejudices, that thus make you worship that infernal demon, slavery, in a land where every one, as well as he who governs, should be free. Will you resign those honours that await you and your family?

CAPEL. Oh, Englishmen, how has your
4 M 2 former

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former fame declined, when honours are now sold for deeds of ignominy.

FAIRFAX. 'Tis the country offers you those honours.

CAPEL. 'Tis the country ! Utter not that word, unless it is your wish and meaning to blaspheme.

FAIRFAX. Dare you attest it then yourself, that are the slave of its oppressor ; but your arm is far too weak, that it should now chain down victorious freedom. The foundations of the throne are tottering. One day more, and they will quite be overturned.

CAPEL. Well then, for my part, I will find a place of burial in their ruins.

FAIRFAX. But the parliament will snatch you thence, while living, and condemn you to an ignominious death.

CAPEL. Shall I however find deliverance from this ignominious death, by being sentenced to a life of infamy ?

FAIRFAX. But once again ; what will life be, in your idea, when your native country, freed from an oppressive yoke, shall dwell upon your name with horror ? when your spouse, degraded from that rank of life and greatness she was born to, shall pronounce a curse upon the moment she was married to you ? and when finally, your son shall to the scaffold follow you with the upbraidings of despair for those sad days he is to pass in future in disgrace and want.

CAPEL.

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CAPEL. Unparalleled audacity! And is it you then, hollow-hearted subject, who would frighten me with these denunciations, that should every one of them be thundered in the ear of your rebellion. No. I shall have all good men upon my side: my wife and children will revere my name, and heaven will be the husband of my widow, and a father to my orphan son.

FAIRFAX. This is too much, vile slave of despotism! Since the interest of your own well-being cannot move you, 'tis high time you should be made to tremble for an individual dearer to you. *(He calls out.)* Morgan——

(At this sign from Fairfax, a partition curtain rises at the farther corner of the tent, discovering Arthur fettered, and a centinel close by him. Morgan stands behind.)

CAPEL. Heavens! what is it I behold!
(He falls into the arms of Kingston.)

FAIRFAX. You know him?

CAPEL *(coming to himself.)* My dear son at your disposal! Rebel, he was never made a prisoner by fair means; he fell not into your possession by the chance of arms.

FAIRFAX. The Council apprehended him in London, that his life might be a surety for your conduct. Yield your city, then, and he shall be surrendered likewise. 'Tis the only means now left. Have you a wish to save his life?

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CAPEL. Yes, traitor, by your death. (*He draws his sword, and rushes upon Fairfax; but is stopped by Kingston.*)

MORGAN. If you advance another step, my Lord, beware the consequences. Arthur's life depends on your demeanor here.

ARTHUR. Let nothing interrupt the vengeance you designed to take. I am your son, and fear not death.

CAPEL (*sheathing his sword.*) Barbarian! I say nothing of our former friendship. Your revolt has done it quite away. I scorn to owe you any thing. But what, then, has this unoffending victim done?

FAIRFAX. He has been braving me, with no less pride and insult than his father.

CAPEL. Hear me, likewise, brave your menaces and executioners: but, oh, my dear, dear Arthur! wherefore may I not embrace you, at a time you seem so worthy of my love.

KINGSTON (*to Fairfax.*) But, what my Lord! you would not, surely, blot your character for ever in men's eyes, by violence upon a child?

FAIRFAX. It is not I am guilty of the violence upon him, but his cruel father: if young Arthur proves unfortunate, he must impute it to the stubborn obstinacy of the man that should relax a little on so interesting an occasion. Let him yield a place he cannot possibly

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possibly defend, and we shall yield him, in return, his son ; but if he will not yield it, Arthur, in that case, must die, by way of terror to those pusillanimous and hireling souls, who would annihilate that freedom which is now establishing its empire.

CAPEL. Oh, my son ! your king, your honour, and even God himself——

SURREY (*aside.*) I will not let this frightful sacrifice go on ; though to obstruct it, I shall lose even my own life. (*Goes out.*)

CAPEL. Dear Arthur, when I see your desolated mother, how shall I speak to her ?

KINGSTON. Ah, my Lord, let me intrude a little. Surely you will not permit your son to suffer. Who can tell, but that the Council have resolved he shall be massacred even here before you ?

CAPEL. Oh ! What mean you, Kingston ? Do you wish to shake my constancy, when on the other hand, you should support it ? Surely, 'tis enough that I have such a conflict as you see, to wage with nature.

FAIRFAX. You have now no more, Lord Capel, than a moment to determine. If I send him once away, I cannot have him back : the Council will determine on his fate, when he returns to London.

CAPEL. Why prolong my punishment ? Let me be gone ; I would not willingly expire before you.

MORGAN.

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MORGAN. Arthur, have you nothing farther you would tell your father.

ARTHUR. Nothing : he well knows what is at present passing in my heart.

CAPEL. Adieu, my son. Once more, your king, your honour, and even God himself, remember what you owe them ! Should you, when returned to London, fall a victim to our enemies, I will outlive you for no other end, than to avenge me of their cruelty. (*He turns to go.*)

FAIRFAX (*aside.*) Undaunted bravery, that I am forced to wonder at ! (*Aloud.*) But, who comes here ?

EDMUND (*running in with Surrey, and embracing Arthur.*) My dear friend, Arthur ! no, you shall not suffer the least harm without me.

FAIRFAX. What means this, my son ?

EDMUND. No longer give me such a name ; for I detest it. Satisfy your cruelty. You have two victims now. Let us be both dispatched to London.

FAIRFAX. And, who brought you hither ?

SURREY. I, my Lord ; I forced his prison, and I glory in it.

EDMUND (*to his father.*) You alone have no compassion.

ARTHUR (*struggling to get loose from Edmund.*) Leave me, my dear Edmund. Wherefore would you make my present situation much more painful to me ?

EDMUND,

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EDMUND. No; I will not leave you. I will not be parted from my friend, when I have lost a father.

CAPEL. You would rob me of my son: yours will not own you for his father.—I am well avenged.

EDMUND. Let me embrace you closer still, dear Arthur: the same orders that dispatch you hence to die perhaps, in London, shall send me, too, with you.

CAPEL. You behold them, Fairfax.—

FAIRFAX. It is finished. Capel, I am conquered. Edmund, take you off his fetters, and conduct him to his father. I am utterly unworthy of performing such an office. (*Morgan and the sentinel withdraw.*)

ARTHUR. Oh, my Edmund, is it then to you I am indebted for this satisfaction.

EDMUND. Dear, dear friend! (*He takes off his manacles, and conducts him to Lord Capel, who embraces them.*)

ARTHUR. Dear Father!

EDMUND. My good Lord!

CAPEL. Give me the self-same appellation both, dear children, for I know not whether of the two is most my son.

EDMUND (*seeing the eyes of his father moist with tears, goes to him, saying*) Dear father, you have not yet ceased loving me, I see. Do not deprive me of your tears. Lord Capel, Arthur, and you likewise, my good Surrey, see he weeps.

FAIRFAX.

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FAIRFAX. Dear Edmund! I shall never, for the time to come, forget you have preserved me from the perpetration of a deed unworthy of me, from continuing to alarm a father for the safety of his son, and that way shake his principles. The Council have, indeed, determined on the imprisonment of Arthur; but by no means with a view of putting him to death. All I have had in charge, when I received him, was to keep him safely; neither is it meant he shall return to London. (*Presenting Edmund to Arthur.*) Therefore, love each other always. And may Providence bestow upon you better times than what your parents live in. (*To Lord Capel.*) You are free, my Lord, with safety to go back into the city. Arthur, though my power does not extend to give him freedom, shall be safe here with me. Be assured, too, my applause and admiration follow you; and would to heaven I were but worthy your esteem.

ARTHUR. Must I, dear father, quit you? I would go and fight, where you might see my actions.

CAPEL. You have done enough already, and your name alone will now be the support of Colchester. What soldier, after your example, will be base enough to think of yielding. Let me therefore bid you a farewell: perhaps the last. It is my duty to face death for the advantage of my sovereign. It is yours

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to live, that you may do him service in the years of your maturity. (*To Fairfax.*) Lord Fairfax, after what has passed, I have no apprehensions from your virtue. Arthur I leave with you; and request that tidings of this day's transaction may be sent his mother; while, on my side, I expect you at the breach.

